

LIFE



LORETTA YOUNG

MODELS

A DECADE OF NIGHTGOWNS
AND PAJAMAS

AUGUST 12, 1946

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Of course, for outright comfort, soft-looped Cannon towels are tops—and take drying tussles right in stride. Prices? They'll be within everybody's reach, too!

 **Cannon Towels**

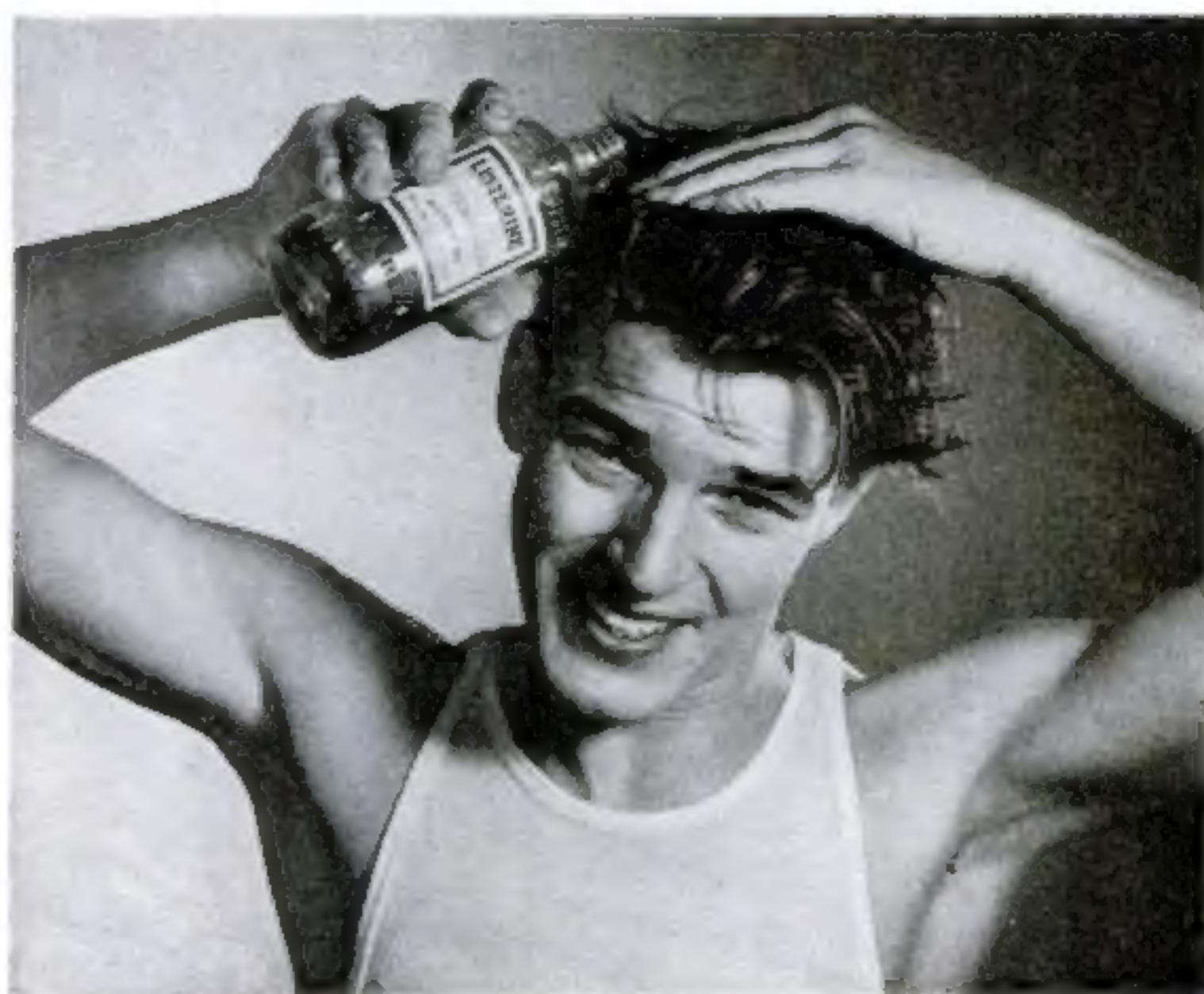
CANNON SHEETS • STOCKINGS • BLANKETS
NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



It's getting to be a weekly **"Must"** with men



"You bet I use Listerine Antiseptic and massage every time I wash my hair! I'm no dummy! I know how common and how catching infectious dandruff can be, and how hard it is to get rid of. And, in my book, Listerine Antiseptic is a jim-dandy precaution as well as a slick twice-a-day treatment. Nothing complicated about it at all . . . it's as easy as it is delightful.



"It's really fun to use Listerine Antiseptic; no greasy salves, no smelly lotions—just good clean Listerine Antiseptic doused on full-strength. Right away the old scalp gets a real antiseptic bath that makes it feel simply great. And, get this: Listerine Antiseptic kills the stubborn 'bottle bacillus' by millions. That's the baby that a lot of top scalp experts say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



"Next comes vigorous fingertip massage. That's to loosen those ugly flakes and scales that embarrass a guy. I let Listerine Antiseptic stay on as long as I can. Boy, is my scalp clean! And does it feel wonderful! No wonder men go for this routine! And don't think the little woman overlooks it either. She knows a good thing when she sees it.



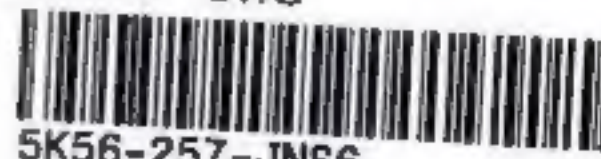
"No kidding! It's a grand and glorious feeling to realize that your scalp and hair look fresher and are fresher. It's satisfying to know that you've taken a swell precaution against the infectious type of dandruff which can be such a doggone nuisance. All I can say to every man is, try Listerine Antiseptic. You'll like it!"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Infectious Dandruff

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



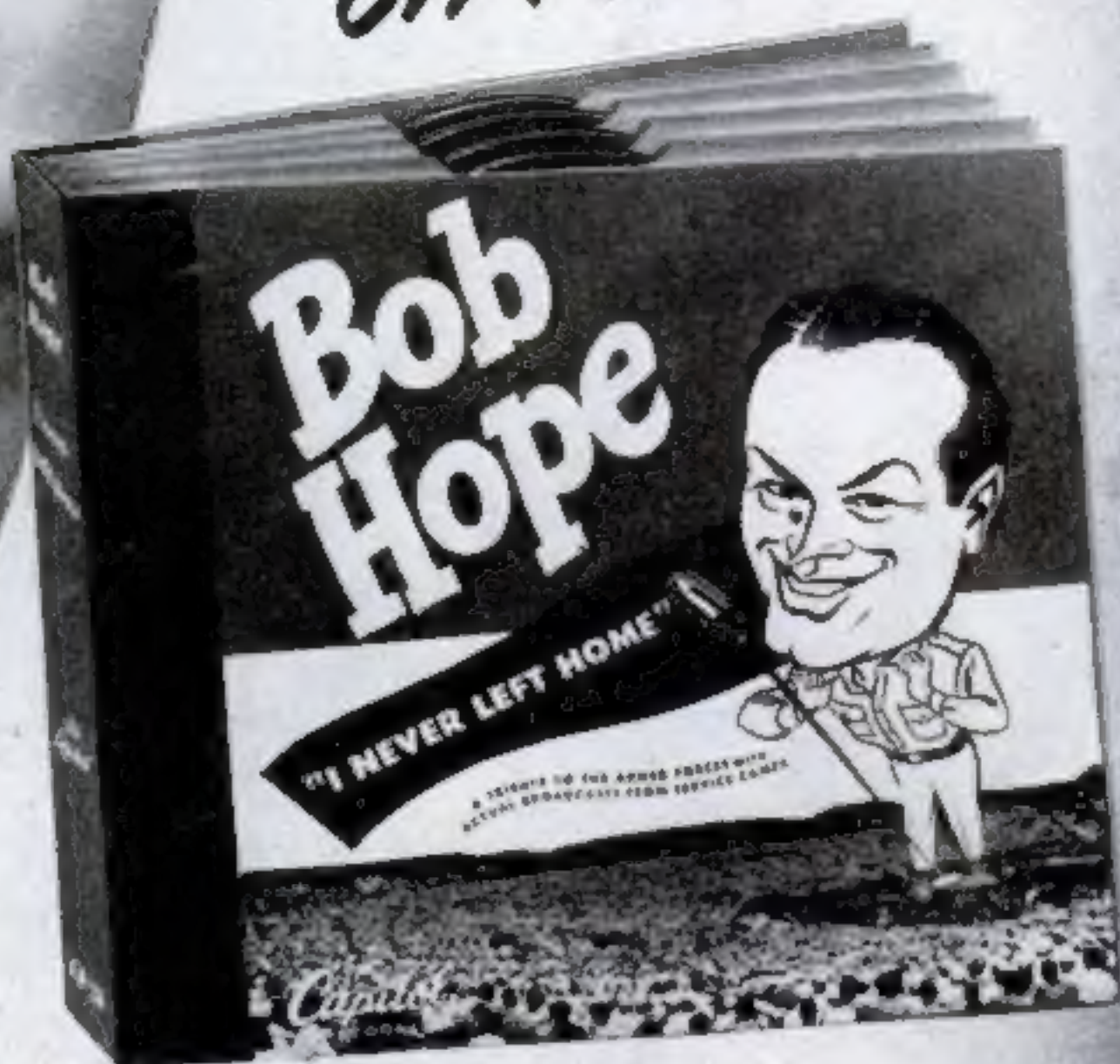
This One



5K56-257-JNS6



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At last, folks, you've got him where you want him! Bob Hope on records—made *right on the spot* of his greatest performances—before the men and women of the Armed Forces.

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Be among the first to own this spectacular Capitol album. Not only great entertainment, but a magnificent tribute to every man and woman who served in Uncle Sam's Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard. A *thrilling souvenir* for every veteran—a "footnote to history" for every American home.

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★ SUNSET AND VINE ★

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There's Hope for You!

Read what these enthusiastic buyers say about Capitol's new Hope album!

Joe Twirp says:
"Fact, folks. When I first heard these records I laughed myself sick! I'm suing Capitol for expenses."

Says Susan Tish:
"Hope records are carnip for ex-G.I.'s! My parlor is jammed every night. That Capitol album is Hope-full and so am I!"

Dr. Oswald Buldersnittle states:
"I prescribe Hope's album for syconutitus, physio-gripeitus, and severe cases of sourpuss. It's Capitol medicine!"

Mrs. Amella Mousse writes:
"My husband used to go out nights. Since playing Hope's records he's never left home! It's a Capitol investment!"

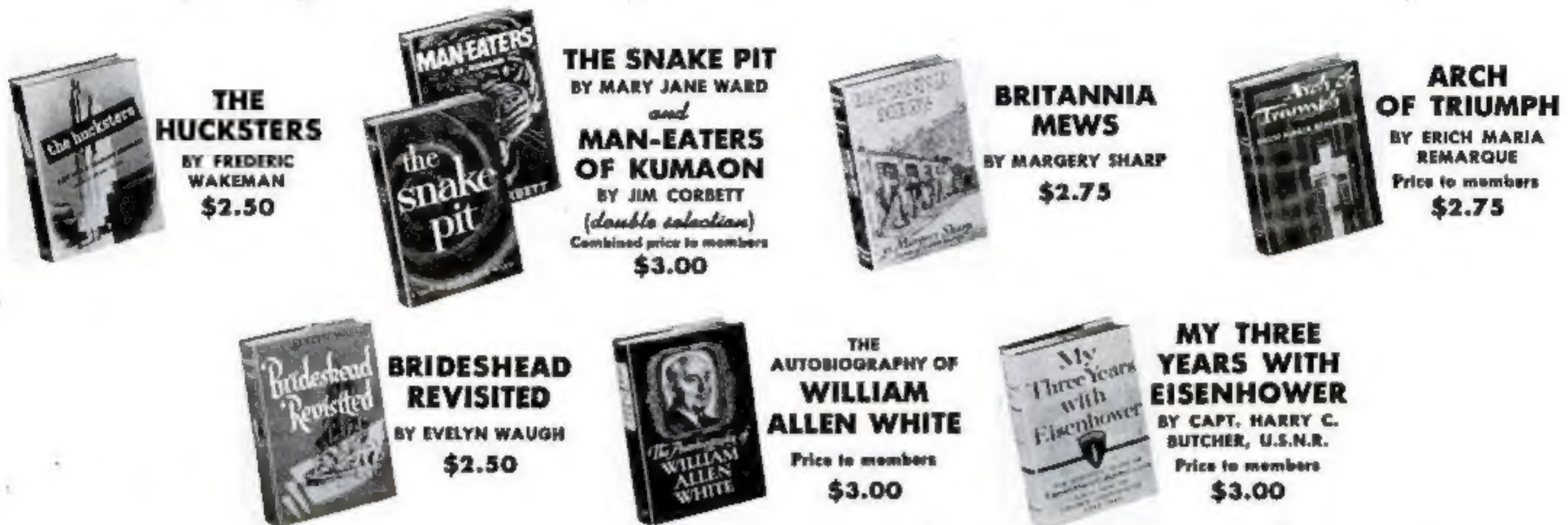
"This is a real scoop, folks!" says newspaperman **Sam Slick**, via collect wire. "It's the biggest news since Anna Held's milk bath!"

Gushes Miss Mirlum:
"I just love those Hope records. They're so funny that I'm constantly showing my Pepsodent smile. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"



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Then you're one of those many

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You need a heavier cream to shave a tender skin

MOLLE is a heavier cream... a brushless cream that takes the starch out of the toughest beard and makes duck soup of a lighter one.

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You shave faster, you shave closer, you shave easier, and you shave painlessly when you use Molle. Try it. Pronounced "Mo-lay."



IN TUBES OR JARS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RUSSIA, 1946

Sirs:

Congratulations on Mr. Brooks Atkinson's excellent article on Russia (LIFE, July 22). This unbiased and objective account should be read by as many people as possible who will be able to have and develop an increased understanding of the present Soviet way of life. Here's to LIFE International in furthering world amity.

NICHOLAS MOCHARNUK

Woodstock, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is most amusing to see newsmen like Brooks Atkinson weep (in print) over the impossibility of learning anything about Russia and communism, and at the same time pound out without losing a stroke what is supposed to pass as a comprehensive and authoritative analysis of what is wrong with Russia and communism... Mr. Atkinson deplores the fact that Soviet state affairs are conducted in secret. Assuming that we know everything that takes place in our own government, what does it avail us? We continue to re-elect such men as Bilbo, Talmadge and W. Lee O'Daniel.

SELWIN JONES

Henderson, Texas

Sirs:

Brooks Atkinson's article is a very satisfactory portrayal of Russia for the average American. You have given us a straightforward account of conditions as seen by intelligent American interpretation...

J. K. FARLEY

Ephraim, Wis.

MAN HATCHES EGG

Sirs:

Concerning the article, "Man Hatches Egg" (LIFE, July 22), I was wondering if the man's name was Moran or Moron, the latter suiting more perfectly, I believe.

ALICE CARROLL

Lexington, Va.

Sirs:

...Would the baby ostrich look upon Mr. Moran as a father or a mother?

KENT LUNDERGAN

Newton Center, Mass.

Sirs:

My grandmother told of a woman in her township who set her hen with the usual number of eggs, then placed two dozen around her ill husband to enlarge the flock for the hen. He never broke a one, because he was paralyzed.

FLORA ROMINGER

Omaha, Neb.

WOMAN'S CLUB CONTINUED

Sirs:

In your article about the Chevy Chase Woman's Club (LIFE, June 3), the caption and wording under my picture on page 139 was most inappropriate and has caused me much embarrassment.

The president gave me the floor to state my views on a resolution under discussion for action before the club. I did not fly up or heckle or cause any disturbance. I was proceeding according to the parliamentary rules of the club. I resent being called a heckler or held up to ridicule in your magazine.



The reference that calm was restored was entirely erroneous. It seems to me that there should be a retraction of such improper and erroneous words as used by your magazine.

Mrs. HEWITT GUGGS ROBERTSON
Chevy Chase, Md.

● LIFE's apologies to Mrs. Robertson.—ED.

PARIS STUDENTS' BALL

Sirs:

I was thoroughly disgusted at LIFE, not at the Frenchmen, in regards to your article on the Bal des Quats' Arts (LIFE, July 19)...

During the war I was stationed in Paris and I got to know some of the *étudiants* at the Beaux Arts. They are fun-loving fellows always looking for a laugh. But private affairs such as what exactly went on at the Bal des Quats' Arts is not any business of the public...

BERT KIENER

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

The juxtaposition of the pictures of the elevation to sainthood of Mother Cabrini and the Bal des Quats' Arts in Paris is significant and does you great credit. In the one life is shown in its highest form and in the other, its lowest.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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"But, dear, mothers-in-law are harmless!" cried Elsie

"THEY MAY BE HARMLESS," snorted Elmer, the bull, "but I'm not having any strange mothers-in-law cluttering up the place!"

"And nobody's asking you to, darling," smiled Elsie.

"Nobody ever asks me anything, not even Beulah!" fumed Elmer. "First off, I find a pair of strangers setting up housekeeping in my den! Next thing I know, the place will be alive with in-laws! Well, I'm getting out before they crawl in!"

"Now, calm down, sweet," soothed Elsie. "That young couple I rented your den to wouldn't have a place to rest their heads, if I hadn't taken them in. And we have more rooms than we need, so—"

"So you sacrificed my comfort," accused Elmer, "to get yourself an audience for your Borden prattle."

"Don't be silly, dear," smiled Elsie. "Young folks nowadays are born *hep* to the good things. Why, that little bride was telling *me*, Elsie, the Borden Cow, how to make 'but definitely' grand coffee in a jiffy with Borden's Instant Coffee!"

"Haw! Haw!" guffawed Elmer. "Someone beat you



Jiffy iced coffee—with Borden's Instant Coffee!
to the draw. Sounds like a smart young woman."

"Oh, she is!" agreed Elsie. "She says the 'de-vine' way to make iced coffee is with Borden's Instant—so easy and no waste."

"That does it!" exploded Elmer. "I'm not having two females tossing Borden's at me! I'm getting out!"

"Darling dear," soothed Elsie, "you know that the government has asked anyone who possibly can to put off buying or building a house right now."

"If the government's so smart," argued Elmer, "why didn't they see this housing shortage coming?"



"Even if they *did* see it," answered Elsie, "they had to go on using building materials for war. If you'll look back a few months, Elmer, you'll recall all kinds of shortages, including lots of wonderful Borden's foods."

"I haven't time for your Borden dance," snapped Elmer. "Gotta be on my way. But before I go, answer me this: How long are they going to camp in my den?"

"Only until they find the right house at the right price," answered Elsie. "Now, dear, if I promise to speed that day, will you please put away that funny-looking bundle?"

"We-ell," hesitated Elmer, "on one condition: If I stick around, everybody's gotta treat me as head man!"

"I'm glad you mentioned *treat*, dear," chirped Elsie, "because Borden's has the most scrumptious treat that ever brightened an ice-cream lover's heart. It's dreamy, peach-and-creamy Borden's Fresh Peach Ice Cream."

"Who wants to eat a dream?" snorted Elmer. "Gimme

something you can spoon up and *taste!*"

"You'll *love* the taste of this ice cream," said Elsie.



*Peach-and-creamy treat—
Borden's Fresh Peach Ice Cream!*

"It's made with fresh, juicy peaches and real cream."

"Aw! Stop the sales chatter, woman," commanded Elmer, "and tell me is it any doggone good?"

"What a question!" giggled Elsie. "You know — if it's Borden's, it's *GOT* to be good!"



*-if it's Borden's,
it's got to be good!*

Tune in
TOMMY RIGGS and BETTY LOU
Friday Evenings—CBS

© The Borden Company

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

In the Bal des Quatz' Arts we find an attempt to discard all the civilizing influences and to reduce life to the level of the cave man. These are the men and women, you say, who will produce the greatest in future art. I should like to get my art from cleaner sources, and I submit that none of the future great was present at this ball or, if they were, they could not look on this lewd, bacchanalian scene other than with disgust.

EDWARD A. COUGHLAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

MARGARET TRUMAN

Sirs:
In your close-up on Margaret Truman (LIFE, July 22) you say that Margaret, at a sorority house party, "merrily short-sheeted the beds of her friends."

Please explain the meaning of this obscure sentence in an otherwise clear



narrative of the President's daughter. Did she steal a sheet, or mess up a bed or what did she do, merrily, that a reader of average intelligence cannot grasp from the printed page?

PEARL CHENOWETH
Jennings, Kan.

● The single-sheeted, pie or apple-pie bed is an ancient form of practical joke in which the bottom half of the lower sheet on the bed is pulled out and folded back over the top of the blanket. Thus the bed appears to be properly made, but the victim cannot get between the sheets.—ED.

THE NORTH SHORE

Sirs:

As an amateur sociologist I read your report on the North Shore community (LIFE, July 22) with great interest. LIFE stresses the community's devotion to sport and says that the Piping Rock and Meadow Brook Clubs exist for "specific athletic purposes." But the accompanying pictures utterly fail to support this statement. They show a community devoted to sitting. At the Piping Rock Club, for instance, they have even run out of chairs and have dragged furniture onto the lawn to accommodate the overflow. At the Meadow Brook Club, "Laddie" Sanford is taking no chances and appears to have brought his own chair with him. The groups loitering about on the lawns of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club and the Aviation Country Club clearly have no intention of taking either to the water or the air.

It is possible that all this evidence of lassitude would not have struck me so forcibly if I were not a student of the Tatler, an English weekly that publishes photographs of society in action. Some issues have been known to contain no seated figures at all, indoors or out. At Ascot, Royal Garden parties, even in her own garden, the typical, chic Englishwoman is invariably to be

seen standing or striding briskly into the camera.

I don't know what conclusions to draw from this, except to wonder whether the term "languid" is not a better description of the North Shore set. For it emerges from your report as conspicuously unathletic, incapable of taking a trip around the garden except in a horse-drawn vehicle and accompanied by a coachman ready to take over the reins if the expedition should prove too exhausting.

ROSALIND CONSTABLE
New York, N.Y.

● Nevertheless the languid North Shore set can outride and outplay the athletic British at polo. Playing against U.S. teams composed largely of Long Islanders, the British have failed to win a single game since 1914.—ED.

Sirs:

I have a job that pays me \$35 per week. I have no trouble paying rent, buying food or clothing myself. When I feel like going fishing I go fishing; when I feel like hunting I go hunting; when I want to go to a movie I go, and I can usually afford to spend 15¢ for a copy of LIFE each week. After comparing myself with the inhabitants of the North Shore estates I realize that I don't have the pleasure of concerning myself with the upkeep of a mansion or its gracious grounds, nor do I enjoy the pleasure of worrying about some one stealing my Goya or my Rubens or my jewels or my money. I don't even have a swimming pool and am forced to do my swimming in the Gulf. I haven't even broken any bones in polo games as F. Ambrose Clark has. He was fortunate and successful enough to break nearly all of his. I don't even own the B. & O. Railroad, nor does my father, but I wonder just how much happier the North Shore clan is than I am.

GAYLORD CARMICHAEL
Biloxi, Miss.

Sirs:

According to you, sir, and it must be true, sir,
The North Shore's the land of estates,
And society's wife has a pattern of life as
Elaborate as hand-wrought iron gates.



She has her own horse and a private golf course and
Her alfresco luncheons are gay;
But these Webbs and these Bradys
and Vanderbilt ladies
Need hobbies to fill up their day.
Alas and alack, sir (this isn't a crack, sir),
They seek recreation in vain;
For they can't gossip over vast acres of clover
Or a fence that's imported from Spain.

MARY ALICE BALES
Great Neck, L.I.



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This idea gives many people Happy Birthdays. Imagine someone you know receiving wonderful Flowers by Wire with a personal card message from you. They'd be plenty surprised and happy, wouldn't they?
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WITH STUDENT'S HELP, WEEGEE HAULS DUMMY CORPSE FROM BOX



CORPSE IS LAID OUT ON SIDEWALK WITH GUN AND GRAY FEDORA



YOUNG SPECTATOR NONCHALANTLY VIEWS BODY AS WEEGEE TALKS



STUDENT MAKES THIS CLOSE-UP OF WEEGEE FIXING DUMMY'S TIE

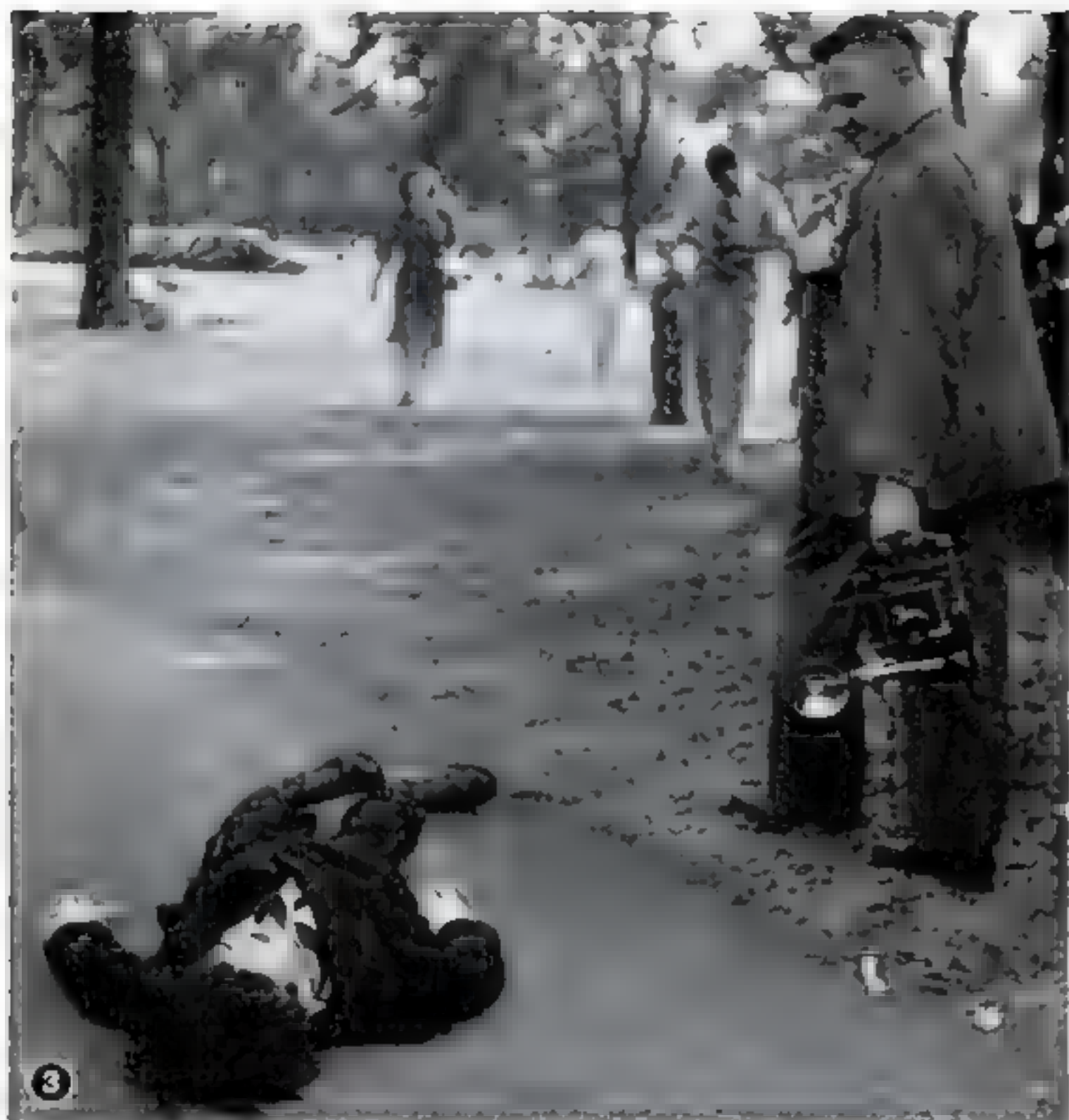
SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

...WEEGEE SHOWS HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH A CORPSE

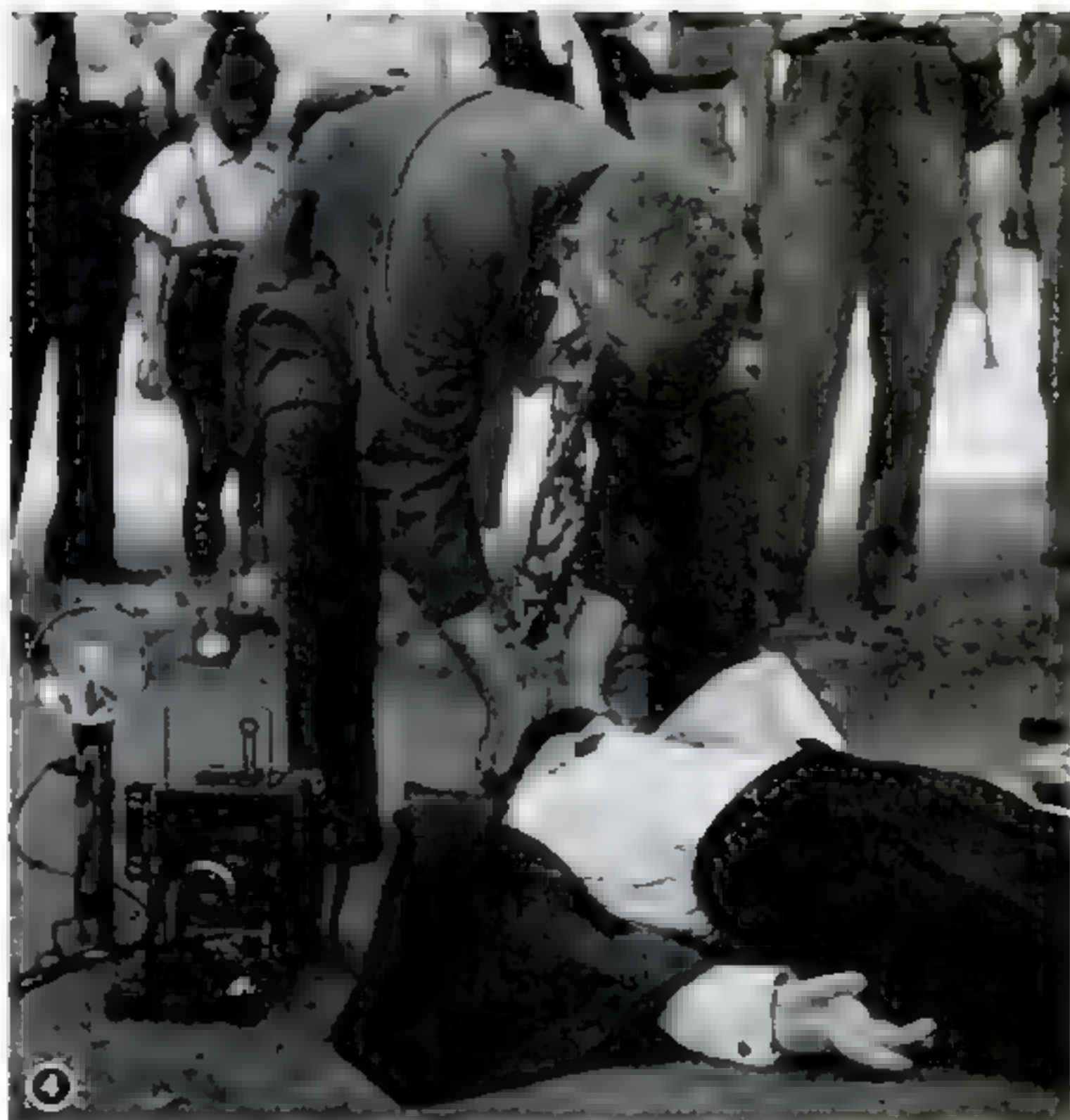
As part of a six-week photographic seminar at Chicago's Institute of Design, the stubby, untidy, cigar-chewing Manhattan photographer who calls himself Weegee and who is famous for his pictures of mayhem and murder recently enlivened his course in spot-news photography by showing students how to photograph a corpse. After one of his lectures ("Now, a stiff... they're the nicest kind of subject. They don't try to cover up.... I always try to make 'em look nice and comfortable"), Weegee procured a dummy and a plastic \$1 revolver, cheerfully set out on a field trip to demonstrate his technique (above).

In Lincoln Park, Weegee sprawled the pasty-faced, tuxedoed dummy on a sidewalk (1, 2), advised, "That's the way they are, unless it's a dumbed-up job." Then he circled the body (3), disarranged its clothes (4, 5, 6, 7), hoisted his battered, 8-year-old Speed Graphic (8) and squeezed off a picture (9).

Up to a year ago Weegee (real name: Arthur Fellig) was New York City's



WEEGEE CIRCLES CORPSE AND CONSIDERS PROPER CAMERA ANGLE



DUMMY'S TOUPEE AND SHIRT ARE MUSSSED UP FOR AUTHENTICITY



THE CRUMPLED FEDORA IS PUT WHERE IT MIGHT ACTUALLY FALL



WEEGEE SLIDES INTO SHOOTING POSITION AND RELEASES SHUTTER

most remarkable police-beat photographer. From a \$17-a-month room littered with a police radio, cigar boxes full of negatives, cardboard cartons containing flash bulbs and shoes, and a dingy double bed in which he usually slept with his clothes on, Weegee roared off nightly in a rickety 1938 Chevrolet to cover fires, accidents and violent deaths. A bachelor, he worked from midnight to 7 a. m., detested telephones, kept his savings in the back of his car and managed to get his laundry done once a month. Now all that is changed. His increasing fame has led him to buy a tuxedo, to publish a book (*The Naked City*, Essential Books, \$4), to take up free-lancing for publications like *Vogue* and to announce that he would never again "photograph anybody laying on the ground, waiting for a hearse, with blood all around them." Today Weegee photographs society and cover girls ("The body beautiful... alive, I mean"), claims he meets a better class of people and even sleeps in pajamas "except when I'm very tired."



WEEGEE GOT THE GUN, THE HAT AND THE CORPSE IN HIS PICTURE



If At First You Don't Succeed...

Next Time, Remember—



Colgate Dental Cream Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

DON'T take unnecessary chances with your breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream twice a day and before every date. Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans teeth thoroughly yet gently—brings out their natural sparkle and beauty! Yes, Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE
THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY
STOPS BAD BREATH THAT
ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



Use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Twice a Day—and Before Every Date



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



WEEGEE GETS DOWN beside the dummy to pose for gag shots by the students. Dead cigar, which cost a nickel, is still clamped tightly between his teeth.



CLASPING HAND OF CORPSE. Weegee stretches out. He wanted to hold class on North Clark Street, scene of gang killings, but cops chased him off.



BYSTANDER SQUATS beside Weegee to get a better look. Weegee's nickname came from Ouija, because he played hunches on news and pictures.



Your Great New Frigidaire Cold-Wall is Here

The world's most advanced refrigerator before the war is even greater now! The new Frigidaire Cold-Wall brings you important new features, new positive moisture controls, more convenience than ever before. This different kind of refrigerator that *cools through the walls* gives you the latest scientific developments for keeping all kinds of food good to eat.

Foods stay frozen for weeks in the spacious, separately insulated Super-Freezer Chest. Use it for storing a generous supply of frozen meats, vegetables, fruits or desserts for handy day-to-day use. Get trigger-quick ice service with Frigidaire's exclusive Quickcube Trays.

Foods need not be covered in the big high humidity Cold-Wall compartment. Air is still and moist. Salads chill without drying. Leftovers keep for days. Dairy products stay fresher, longer. And it gives you a large Meat-Tender, generous bottle space. New one-piece aluminum shelves can't rust; light, strong, closely spaced bars.

Vegetables stay crisp, fruits remain colorful, juicy, and appetizing in gleaming, newly designed Frigidaire Hydrators. The super-moist cold protects against drying, wilting, loss of precious vitamins.

And the Meter-Miser—simplest cold-making mechanism ever built—is the heart of the Cold-Wall. Com-

pressor has only two parts that move. Uses less current than an ordinary light bulb. Quiet, self-oiling, sealed for life against dust, dirt and moisture. Dependability already proved in millions of homes. Protected against service expense by 5-Year Protection Plan.

See your Frigidaire Dealer. Even though more people will want the new Cold-Wall than can be supplied immediately, you owe it to yourself to learn why it is well worth waiting for. Find his name in your local Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, 734 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 262 Commercial Road, Leaside 12, Ontario.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire made only by General Motors

REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER HEATERS • HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN CABINETS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT

Traditionally

THE FINEST

OF THE FINE

To this generation of homemakers, as to their mothers and grandmothers, the words Swift's Premium mean the aristocrat of bacons. For the ideal that governs the making of Swift's Premium Bacon today has guided it from the very beginning the ideal of constant striving to make the best still better. This tireless effort has won outstanding leadership millions more families prefer Swift's Premium Bacon than any other kind. Realizing this, Swift is doing its best to insure fair distribution of available supplies.



SWEET SMOKE TASTE

Swift's Premium Bacon

LIFE'S REPORTS

THE IPSOPHONE

This new gadget answers telephone for you

by PERCY KNAUTH

ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND

Do you have that nervous, haltered, tied-to-the-telephone feeling? Are you afraid to step down the hall for a drink with the boys because the little black tyrant might ring in your absence? Would you like to sneak out to the ball game and let the damn thing ring itself to death—but do not quite dare to? Then listen to the answer to your prayer: a little voice that says to anyone who may call while you are away, "This is the Ipsophone, Blank Company, Mr. Dunham's office. Attention. Please speak—now."

That is the Ipsophone, the Little Wonder of the Telephone World. As the advertisements say, "It listens and speaks for you." It is, in fact, the first fully automatic telephonograph, the realization of an elusive dream which communications experts have been trying to achieve for nearly 50 years. Just hook it up to the telephone line and let it ring—at the end of the day, or whenever you feel like it, you can lift up the receiver, push a button, and you'll hear everything that everyone who called had to say to you.

The basic principle of the Ipsophone is simple: it combines an ordinary telephone with a steel wire recorder that takes down all conversations. If you go out and the phone rings, the Ipsophone will automatically take over after the fourth ring. It cuts in the voice that speaks the above-mentioned text (or any other you care to choose, for instance, "Talk fast, it's your nickel") and then waits for the caller to speak his piece. If he isn't too flabbergasted

to say a word, the Ipsophone will listen to him for a full half hour without interruption, or for as long a time—up to that limit—as he cares to talk. At the end of the conversation, the caller signs off with his name and hangs up; the Ipsophone then waits for the next call.

This miraculous gadget was developed during the war by the Werkzeugmaschinenfabrik Oerlikon Bührle & Co., of Zürich, Switzerland, the same organization which manufactured the famous Oerlikon wing aircraft cannon. The Swiss company acquired the patents, during the war, from a German named

Müller, and the job of improving it to the point of marketable efficiency was entrusted to a studious young physicist named Ernst Keller, a ballistics expert who is currently head of the Oerlikon factory's experimental and development division. At the moment, there are some 80 Ipsophones in operation throughout Switzerland, and the instrument will soon be on sale in other countries.

This ingenious mechanism, which has enough movements to startle a Swiss watchmaker, has many functions in addition to its basic use. Suppose you go out to the ball game and become nervous about who might have called while you were away from your desk. Just drop down to the nearest phone booth during the seventh-inning stretch, put a nickel in and dial your office. You can then listen to everything the Ipsophone took down and be back in your seat before the home team's first hitter comes up to bat.

But that still isn't all. Obviously, you don't want anybody who calls your number to be able to listen to all the messages on it. Secrecy must be provided for—and it has been. On your Ipsophone at home, which looks just like an ordinary dial telephone on a bigger box with four rows of push buttons and ten little signs, there are two rows of buttons with the numbers from 1 to 0. Before you leave, you insert a key in a lock on the bottom of the box, turn it one-quarter turn to the right, and then select a combination of



THE IPSOPHONE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Having a wonderful time
...SEE for yourself!*



1. DON'T BLAME THE CAMERA. Your eyes may be at fault—may need professional care. But life's full of adventure in seeing when your eyes are sharp, comfortable, alert! Keep them that way—have them examined regularly!



2. EYES NEED REST TOO—from glare, close work, late hours. The professional knowledge and skill of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist and the technical services of the Dispensing Optician will benefit neglected eyes. And when your prescription is made with Soft-Lite Lenses, you enjoy freedom from glare, greater comfort.

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14
MAGIC WEED KILLER

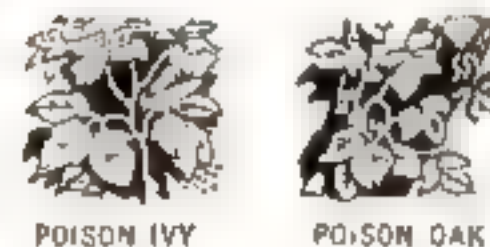
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KILLS WEEDS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

BEFORE **AFTER**

IT'S MAGIC WHAT WEED-NO-MORE WILL DO!

Kills all these weeds and many more



Treat Lawns with This Amazing 2, 4-D Weed Killer

Here's the simple, sure way to banish those scraggy, ugly weeds that make your lawn look ragged and unkempt. Just dilute Weed-No-More with water, spray it on, and weeds disappear. When applied according to directions, common lawn grasses are not harmed, soil is not injured. Save yourself back-breaking weed digging.

\$1 RIDES YOUR LAWN OF WEEDS
8 Ounces Make 8 Gallons, enough for the average lawn. The \$2.98 Quart Economy Size makes 32 gallons.

Kills weeds or your money back

*Use according to directions on package. Allow at least three weeks for killing action. If not satisfied that Weed-No-More kills weeds, send package to the manufacturer and full purchase price will be refunded.

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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

numbers by pushing down the appropriate buttons; let us say, numbers 3, 5 and 7. Then you turn the key back again, the buttons come back up and lock into position, and you have your secret combination.

When you call up from outside, you wait until the Ipsophone has announced itself. After the word "Attention" in its brief message, you say loudly and distinctly, "Hello, hello." The Ipsophone then switches to another track. Instead of asking you to speak, it starts reeling off a series of numbers, from 1 to 0, with two-second pauses between each number. After your code numbers, that is after 3, 5 and 7, you repeat twice, loudly and distinctly, the words "Hello, hello." If you haven't forgotten your combination, the Ipsophone, after completing its counting, will then repeat for you the messages it has taken down in your absence.

If you have forgotten the combination, the Ipsophone will simply give you a derisive busy signal. The same, of course, will happen to anybody who tries to listen to your messages without knowing the combination you have picked. Since there are 1,023 possible combinations (it would take anyone at least eight hours of steady work to try them all) and since you can change your combination any time you like, your secrecy is guaranteed.

After you have heard what your Ipsophone has to say to you, you will probably want to erase the messages. This, too, is a simple operation. When the Ipsophone has said all it has to say, you hear a buzz signal. You then say: "Erase, erase," and the messages disappear forever.

Suppose you want to give a message yourself. After the first buzz signaling that the Ipsophone has given you all its messages, you say again, "Hello, hello." Then you say whatever you have to say, and the Ipsophone will take it down. Suppose you have to take a trip to close a big business deal in, say, Chicago. Your partner, meanwhile, is going down to New Orleans on business. The hotel situation being what it is, however, neither of you knows where you will find a room.

Before leaving, you and your partner agree on a combination for the Ipsophone. You both close the office and catch your trains. Arrived in Chicago, you finally manage to get a bed in a small hotel. Next day you settle your business deal. How do you let your partner know about it? Find the nearest phone booth, call your number in New York, tell the Ipsophone where you are staying and what the results of your business conference were. When your partner calls up, all he has to do is tell the Ipsophone the proper combination and listen to what you have to say.

The Ipsophone gives everyone two chances. If the person calling you is too astonished at first to speak, the instrument will wait for 12 seconds and then repeat its text. If you have to leaf through a sheaf of notes while speaking to it, you have 12 seconds to find what you are looking for and go on talking.

The Ipsophone is a compact instrument

The greatest difficulty in the development of the Ipsophone was to make it a true automatic telephonograph. The Ipsophone today arrives at an office in two parts: one, a big box covered with a metal hood and about as large as two ordinary typewriter tables set side by side; the second, the telephone itself. The box contains the entire recording apparatus and can be set up anywhere in the office. In Switzerland, it is rented out on a five-year contract for 150 Swiss francs (or about \$35) per month. When will you be able to have an Ipsophone in your office in America? Certainly not immediately. The Ipsophone cannot simply be installed and put to work. People have to know about it so they will not be too startled to talk when they hear it on the other end of the telephone. This means a wide advertising campaign.

Another obstacle is the cool relationship between the U. S. government and the Oerlikon company, which sold munitions to Germany during the war. Oerlikon's head is Emil George Bührle, a former German citizen and Switzerland's wealthiest munitions manufacturer. Mr. Bührle is currently trying to find a way to sue the U. S. government for \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 worth of royalties on guns manufactured for the U. S. armed forces by his Providence, R. I. subsidiary. Meanwhile he is not quite certain that he will be able to guard his exclusive claim to the Ipsophone, whose origin is still somewhat obscure. The Oerlikon company claims it "acquired" patents from Germany's Herr Müller. How it "acquired" them may well soon be the subject of investigation by American occupation authorities in Germany. If Bührle's legal claim is not airtight, the field of manufacture would be open to U. S. citizens, leaving Mr. Bührle on the outside of this prospective gold mine looking in.

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"LADY LUCK"



LOST HER HONEYMOON, but won the chips. Bride **BARBARA HALE** puts one over on bridegroom **ROBERT YOUNG**, when he deserts her for the gaming tables on their wedding day. She gets even, with the help of grandpa **FRANK MORGAN**. Scene from RKO's *Lady Luck*.



"HONEYMOON"

HILARIOUS MISHAPS mark adventurous trail to the altar when eloping **SHIRLEY TEMPLE** and **GUY MADISON** become lost amid gay backgrounds of Mexico City. **FRANCHOT TONE** shares star honors in RKO's *Honeymoon*, based on a romantic comedy by Vicki Baum.



"SINBAD THE SAILOR"

NEVER SUCH A MAN, as daredevil hero of *Sinbad the Sailor*, **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.** sweeps all before him, including stormy siren **MAUREEN O'HARA**. An RKO Technicolor breath-taker, the film co-stars **WALTER SLEZAK**, boasts supporting cast of thousands.



"WOMAN ON THE BEACH"

CALIFORNIA? Director Jean Renoir can't believe his eyes as **JOAN BENNETT** acquires artificial sun tan for sultry title role in RKO's *Woman on the Beach*, film containing a strange mixture of love, loyalty, greed. Cast includes **ROBERT RYAN** and **CHARLES BICKFORD**.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE



IT HAPPENS WITHIN Two seconds

Within two seconds after being driven from the tee by an expert golfer, a golf ball whizzes through space at over 130 m. p. h. . . :



MAKE THIS
GLASS OF WATER
TEST YOURSELF!



When you seek fast relief from ordinary headache, remember that Bayer Aspirin starts to disintegrate in a glass of water within two seconds. And it does the same in your stomach . . . actually is ready to begin working almost instantly!

Within two seconds after you take it, Bayer Aspirin actually is ready to go to work, to bring you

fast pain relief!



Bayer Aspirin's astonishing 2-second speed is the result of THREE IMPORTANT STEPS—NOT JUST ONE!

First, although aspirin powder can be purchased on the outside, Bayer makes its own instead, tests it, adds a highly effective binder.

Second, this powder is compressed into giant tablets (above, left) 18 times larger than normal. Third, these "giants" are crushed back to powder, sifted, and the

small tablets bearing the famous Bayer cross are finally made.

Bayer technicians could make aspirin tablets without taking all three steps. But because they do take them, Bayer Aspirin starts to work within two seconds. That's why, when you want fast pain relief, it pays to buy Bayer Aspirin.

ALWAYS
ASK FOR
GENUINE

Bayer Aspirin

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LIFE'S COVER

Loretta Young models the pajamas designed for the ninth year of marriage from LIFE's story, "Ten Years of Nightgowns" (p. 41).

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In America's
Finest New Cars

You'll Ride on
U.S. ROYALS

HAVE you noticed how many of those sleek, shiny 1946 cars are sporting U. S. Royals all around?

Year after year, leading automotive engineers specify these great tires as original equipment on the nation's finest cars. *There's no better proof of tire quality.*

The new U. S. Royal De Luxe is a brilliant successor to the great U. S. Royals of the past. It brings you *all* the safety, *all* the mileage, *all* the performance that modern science can build into a first-line tire.

Only in the new U. S. Royal De Luxe will you find *all* the proven features that have built "U. S." leadership... *Safety-Tread Blocks* for quick, sure stops... *Safety-Bonded Cards* for added strength, extra miles of service... *Smooth-Mileage Ribs* for smoother riding, extra protection... *Ventilated Tread* for cool running and long, satisfying performance.

Make your next tires U. S. Royals.

Day after day, mile after mile, these great tires will prove the wisdom of your choice. See them at your U. S. Tire Dealer's now.

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in Your Community**

There's a U. S. Tire Dealer waiting to serve you right in your own town. He stands for skilled, conscientious service—backed by all the knowledge and resources of the United States Rubber Company. Drop in and see him soon. He's a good man to know, and a good man to do business with.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

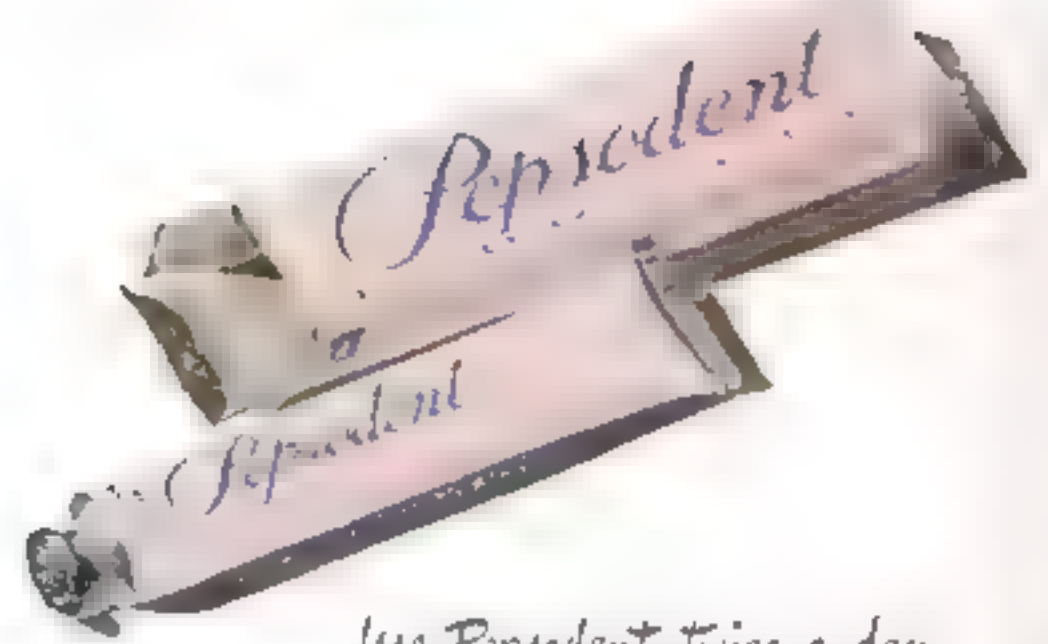
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Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth!

New Pepsodent tooth paste with **Irium**

removes the film that makes your teeth look dull —

uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!



Use Pepsodent twice a day —
see your dentist twice a year

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That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away part perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of future underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

→ better because it's Safe

Mum



Product of Bristol Myers

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



LIFE'S PICTURES

British Photographer Leonard McCombe, shown here in a heavy jacket after a trip through Poland last winter, recently switched to lighter clothes for his first U.S. assignment. After five years photographing the cold, worn and oppressed peoples of Warsaw and Berlin (LIFE, Oct. 15, 1945), he took a photographer's holiday, went to Jones Beach and made his candid portraits of the warm, fat and happy people of New York and Jersey City (pages 32-34).

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SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE in the Business Office. She's there to help whenever you have questions about service, equipment or bills. An important part of her job is to see that all orders are filled in their proper turn.



Speaking of Citations

Next time you call or visit a telephone office, see if you don't think the young women working there deserve a citation for competence and courtesy. They are doing a fine job.

Demand for telephone service is at an all-time high. That means more calls to put through—more telephones to install—more bills to prepare and send out—more people to

talk with in the business office . . . and more equipment needed to do the job the way we would like to do it.

We're building and adding just as fast as we can get materials and make equipment. In the meanwhile, telephone people who serve you will keep right on doing their best—and doing it with a friendly smile.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



BRITISH SENTRY BARS THE WAY TO OFFICES OF THE JEWISH AGENCY IN JERUSALEM AFTER BRITISH CLOSED THE AGENCY AND ARRESTED MOST OF ITS LEADERS

BLOOD RUNS IN PALESTINE VIOLENCE

The contagious winds of ill will blew with foreboding over Palestine last week, fanning the political passions of British, Arab and Jew to flame. In Tel Aviv, largest all-Jewish city in the world, the British clamped down a 22-hour curfew for four days. Violators were warned that troops had orders to shoot to kill. In Jerusalem the Jewish Agency, which by League of Nations mandate represents all Jews within the overly promised Promised Land, was now closed and guarded (*above*). Nearby rescue squads still dug for victims in the ruins of the King David Hotel, blown up by Jewish terrorists (pp. 22-23). Throughout the land some 3,500 Jews

passed in and out of detention camps. No longer were British troops permitted to fraternize with Palestine Jews. The order, written by Lieut. General Evelyn Barker, British Commander in Chief, was so Goebbelsque in tone that his own government in London publicly rebuked him last week.

This bad blood is the result, in recent weeks, of a vicious circle of irritation. Bridges have been blown, headquarters raided, terrorists sentenced to death, British officers kidnaped, homes searched for hidden arms, curfews imposed. Each act has led to more severe retaliation.

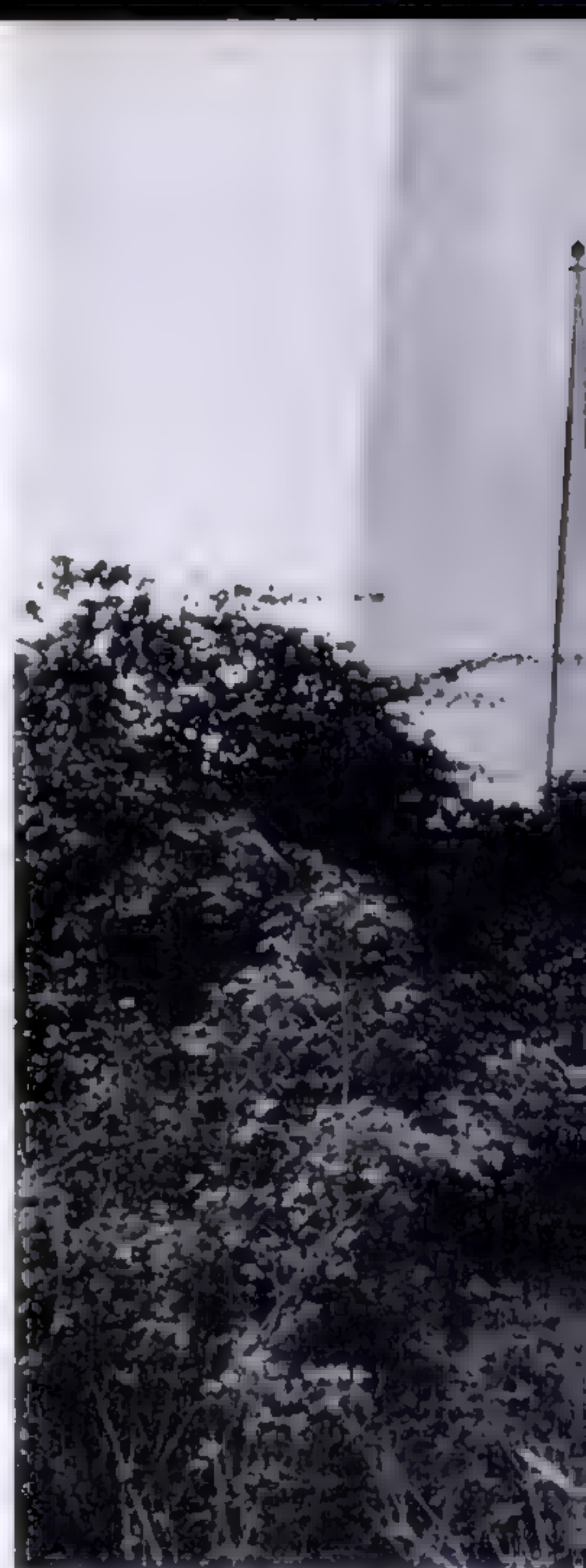
Meanwhile, on the over-all issue of the coun-

try's future, the Anglo-American Cabinet Committee on Palestine last week proposed to split the Holy Land into three parts. Zionists would get 15% of the land, including two thirds of the fertile coastal strip. Arabs would retain 40% of the land, including Jaffa for a port. The British would get the desert wastes, strategically located near Egypt and Suez. They would also administer Jerusalem and Bethlehem, retaining a central government with wide powers. Upon acceptance of federalization, the British promised to admit 100,000 homeless European Jews within 12 months. But the initial reaction from both Arabs and Zionists was thumbs down.



AFTER BLAST of the King David Hotel on July 22, British troops worked feverishly with paramilitary drills to rescue members of the Palestine government and of the

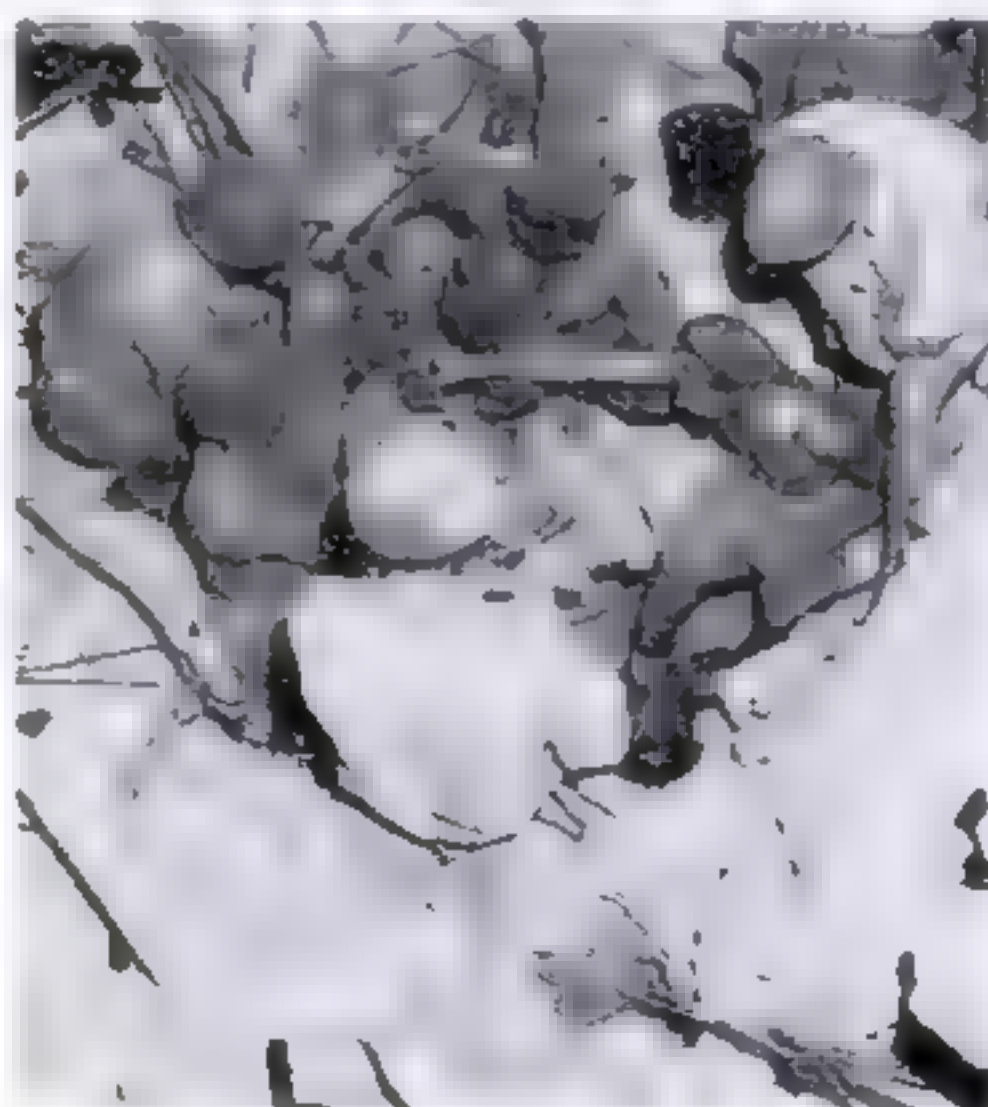
British army Headquarters who were trapped when seven floors of southern wing of hotel collapsed. Ninety-one were killed and 14 were injured in final official count.



BLOOD SPLOTCH on wall of YMCA across street from the hotel marks the spot where E. W. Keynes, chief of government finances in the Palestine government, was



RESCUERS start digging for Downing C. Thompson, 57, the assistant chief secretary to Palestine government.



A SHAFT is dug through 12 feet of rubble by men of 6th Airborne Division who could hear Thompson talking.



A CORPORAL shouted "Is that a Wog (Arab) down there?" "Yes, a Wog named Thompson," was the answer.



hurled to his death. He was working at his desk when the blast blew him, like a projectile, 75 yards across street. The explosives were carried into the hotel in milk cans.

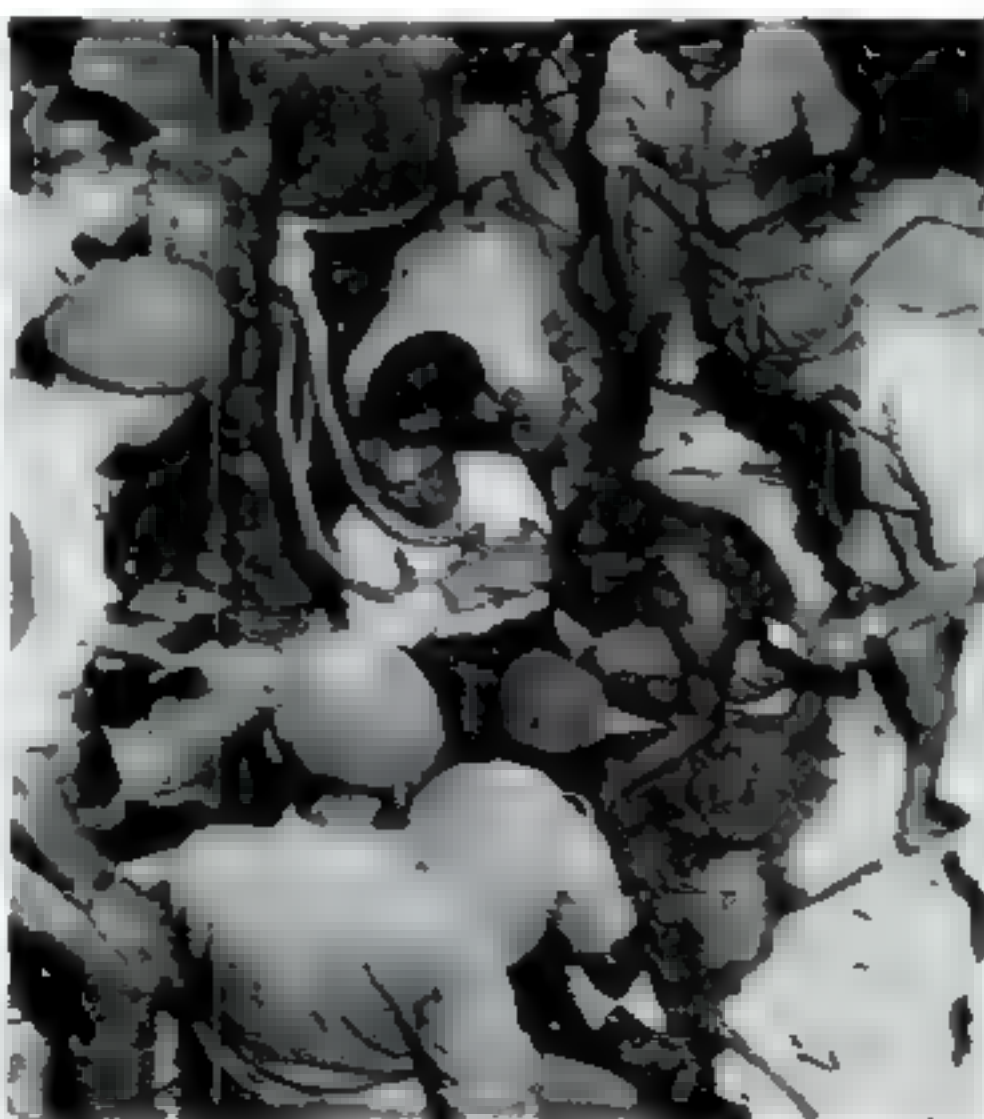


THE HAND of a dead victim emerges from the ruins at the foot of a rescue worker. The bombing of the hotel, the most violent anti-British act in 22 years of Palestine

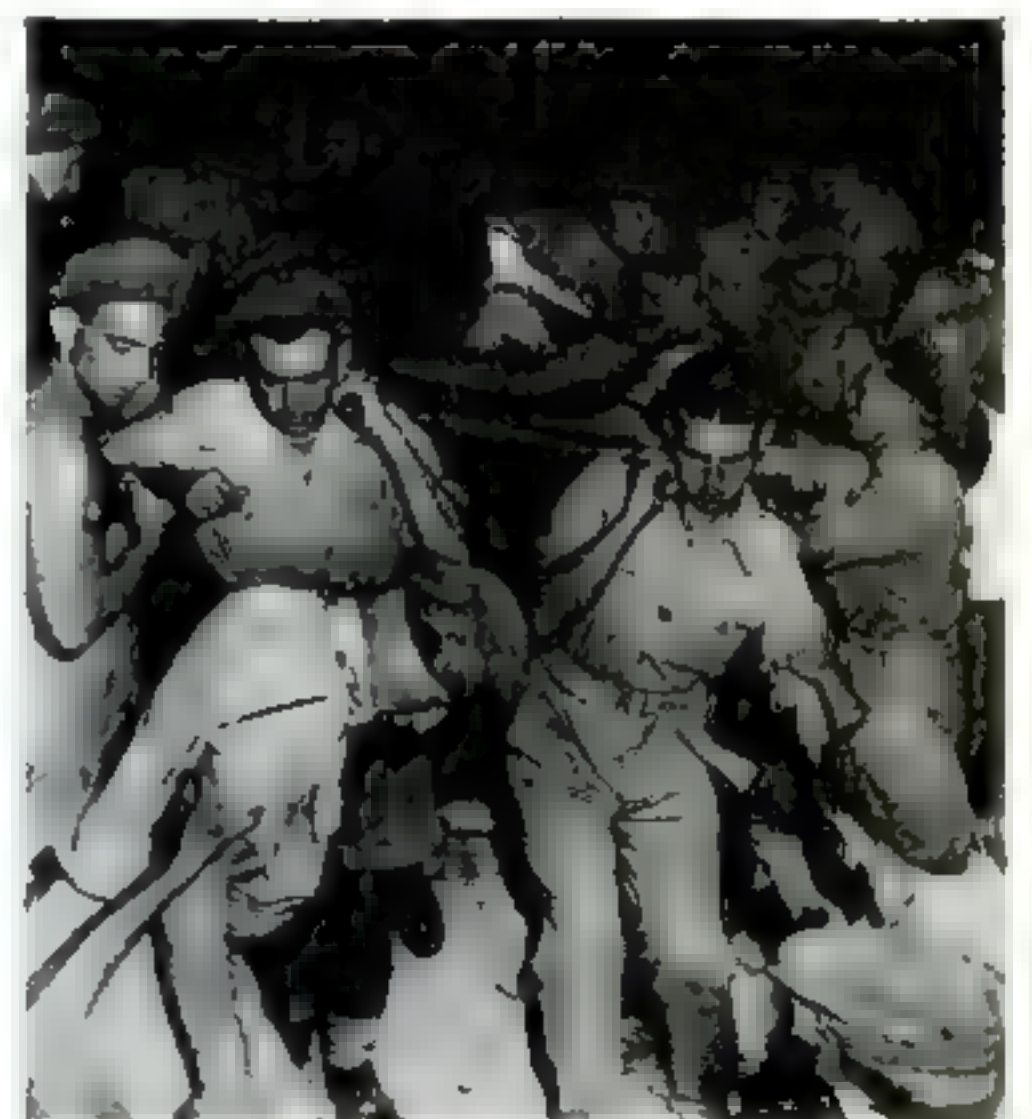
turbulence, killed British, Arabs and Jews alike. Terrorists claim that they phoned authorities 22 minutes in advance to warn them to evacuate all offices in the hotel.



ROPE in the form of a cradle hoists Thompson out of hole. A Catholic priest stood by to administer last rites.



THOMPSON was weak but conscious when rescued. Sir John Shaw, the acting head of government, is at left.



"THANKS a lot, chaps," Thompson mumbled after 31-hour ordeal. He died of internal injuries nine days later.



AIR HAMMER is used by a soldier to crack this apartment-house landing where rifles were found. The settlers, offered chance to move elsewhere during the search, refused.



MINE DETECTORS were used to find weapons hidden underground. As most cooperatives are built on same pattern, search helped British find caches in other settlements.

BRITISH UNCOVER RECORD CACHE OF HIDDEN WEAPONS IN MODEL FARM COMMUNITY

After Jewish terrorists blew up eight bridges over the River Jordan in June, the British army began searching Jewish settlements for illegal arms. At Yajur, largest Jewish cooperative farm, troops forced their way in, unearthed the biggest single cache of arms so far. Floor boards hid rifles. A children's sand pile covered half a ton of gelignite. One tool shed sheltered 21 tons of ammunition and arms. According to LIFE Photographer David Duncan, no

shots were fired, no property needlessly harmed. After the raid the British removed 500 of Yajur's younger men for questioning.

Later Duncan visited the Rafa Barracks where 1,100 Jews, suspected of possible violence, were detained prior to questioning and release. Twenty detainees claimed to have been beaten but he found only one man with marks of any kind on his body. Everyone, including this man, looked well (*opposite*).



SUITCASE of grenade detonators is carried by Palestine police who also helped to uncover 5,714 hand grenades, six machine guns and 46 pistols in the community.



AMMUNITION for light machine guns and signal pistols is examined by ordnance men. Search also brought to light 357 rifles, 91 mortars, 258,207 rounds of ammunition.



JEWS AWAIT RELEASE FROM A BRITISH DETENTION BARRACKS IN 1946. 32188

G. B. S.

ALL HONOR TO HIS GENIUS; BUT HIS MESSAGE IS IRRELEVANT TO OUR PROBLEMS TODAY

There has just passed through the literary world a great parade of speeches, articles, dinners and tributes to and about George Bernard Shaw, who reached the age of 90 on July 26. Almost every U.S. magazine, including LIFE, paid its respects to the "grand old boy" in one way or another, and the British got up a volume of *Festschrift, G.B.S. 90*, containing many kind and true words. It may seem a little tardy to throw an editorial after this big parade. Yet Shaw is a towering genius worth talking about at any time, and in the welter of birthday praise and gratulation a few things went unsaid.

In his 1913 preface to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, Shaw warned that "the most effective way of shutting our minds against a great man's ideas is to take them for granted and admit he was great and have done with him. It really matters very little whether Ibsen was a great man or not. What does matter is his message and the need of it." And what matters about Shaw in 1946 is not that he is 90 but his message, the net result of his long life and brilliant work. Where does it fit the moral, political and philosophical needs of the years just ahead? It doesn't fit very well.

Wiping Up the Victorians

Shaw, as Laurence Housman says, "was sent into the world to wipe up the Victorian age." Beginning in the '90s he let loose a series of exciting problem dramas that exposed the economic realities behind every major social evil from slums to war. His weapon, sheathed with wit, was common sense; his first targets were various forms of hypocrisy. And insofar as it set us all on guard against self-delusion, Shaw's idol smashing has been one of the most salutary influences on this century.

He did not confine himself to empty or over-stuffed idols, however. He tangled, as all great minds must, with the basic beliefs and principles by which men live. In championing Ibsen, for example, Shaw announced that not mere hypocrisy but "ideals and idealism" were the villains of Ibsen's plays. The message was that there are no given standards for the conduct of life; "conduct must justify itself by its effect on life and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal." The essence of Shaw's position is that ideals and practice should correspond; and it means that if you cannot live up to your ideals, it is better to bring your ideals down to the level of your behavior. That is common sense with a vengeance.

With this doctrine Shaw uprooted the pruned and prickly hedge of official morality in which the Victorian age had sought to confine its old Adam. Nothing has yet taken the place of that hedge; and the rest of the so-called Shavian age has been one long frantic effort on the part of all original thinkers, including Shaw, to plant a new hedge before the authorities decide to fill the gap with a spiked fence and soldiers.

Meanwhile the influence of Shaw's idea, especially on not-so-original thinkers, grew perfectly immense. Every college sophomore with any literary pretensions chose Shaw almost automatically as the subject of his term paper. To this Shaw added another and bigger following by his incessant pamphleteering and readi-

ness with a witty or at least an extravagantly contrary opinion on every occasion, becoming the most widely quoted man alive. He came to New York in 1933 and addressed a packed audience at the Metropolitan Opera House. Calling the Statue of Liberty a "monstrous idol," he advised us to chuck out our Constitution, which was "a charter of anarchism." With Thomas W. Lamont and other bankers flanking him on the platform, he undertook to prove that "every financier is 95% a lunatic." When he announced that "the capitalist system has really broken down," he was rewarded with prolonged cheers.

Similar cheers have rewarded his forays during most of his later life. Not since 1915, when he was thrown out of the Dramatists' Club for his unorthodox reaction to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, have many people really resented Shaw's attacks on received opinion; he has been buffeting pillows for the past 30 years. And this is because the ideas and institutions he attacks, however seemingly respectable, were long ago drained by the influence of Shaw's own "realistic morality" of any spinal fluid, any real belief.

The Biological View

But Shaw's career was not one of destruction only. He had another big idea besides pragmatism, and that, as J. B. Priestley kindly calls it, was "the conception of the community as a living whole." Shaw has always tended to look at people more as a biologist than as an artist. His plays almost never start from, nor are they mainly concerned with, an individual human character; even *Candida* is the puppet expositor of a behavior problem. If there is one bald spot on Shaw's luxuriant talent, it is a queer insensitivity to the importance of men and women as individuals. He thinks of them first in terms of classes or as Mr. Everyman or as the human race.

He started thinking of them as classes when he read Karl Marx in 1882, and a great part of his enormous energy has gone into preaching Socialism ever since. When he went on to the larger problems of man's destiny and life's meaning, Shaw still clung to his biological viewpoint, adding a little mysticism. In *Back to Methuselah* (1921) he proclaimed his theory of a "Life Force" which, working through man's mind and will, can enable the human race to add cubits to its stature and centuries to its span, merely by taking thought. His mysticism has interesting Hindu overtones, as does his vegetarian conviction that animals are just as important as human beings. But it also comes out that with Shaw human beings are no more important than animals.

The totalitarian streak in Shaw's "biologism" found him peculiarly vulnerable to the arguments of Hitler and Mussolini. Even after Hitler came to power, Shaw continued his own attacks on democracy and the parliamentary system, which he called "not worth preserving" in an article written in 1938. This article was entitled *Dictators—Let us have more of them*, and included the statement that "there are many people in the world who ought to be liquidated." He still believes that wholesale euthanasia is preferable to incarceration. Unlike

most Socialists, he admires Stalin and what he calls Russia's "genuine democratic socialism." Of course, Shaw has said and written so much in his life that this silliness can perhaps be classed with his more innocent bad guesses. Much indeed can be forgiven Shaw but not the central political point of his work. For what it comes to in the end is, in his own phrase, "only dynamite and scientific breeding."

Shaw is neither an irreligious man nor a science worshipper. His heresy, if such it may be called, is too much faith in his own and a few other great men's powers of mind. It is an exciting, a Promethean, heresy. But after 90 years of them it is surely clear that even Shaw's reasoning powers are as fallible as the Victorians' Thirty Nine Articles and are just as capable of causing folly and sorrow.

Useless Giants

One critic, on rereading Shaw, says he finds nothing but "a chaos of clear ideas." Whether this is just to Shaw or not, it is a good epithet for the best aspects of the Shavian age. What giants they were, the gravediggers of Victorianism! They analyzed everything and started others doing the same, leaving behind them the most overanalyzed age in history. They laughed and celebrated with a confidence and vigor, unsurpassed since the Renaissance. They had a hell of a good time, he and Wells and Webb and the rest. They have lived clean, full lives and done a prodigious amount of work, and even in the flesh they seem destined to live forever.

But as Shaw said of Jesus, "It is the doctrine that counts, not the man." These great men's doctrine is useless today. A world full of nihilists needs less, not more, pragmatism in its morality, and a world scarcely rid of Hitler needs less, not more, biology in its politics. As for religion, these men rose out of a prolonged age of faith, and the controlling ethics of that faith, which they could take for granted, are what made them work so hard to understand and improve the world. The coming age must also find a faith to keep itself going. And it will have to be a faith in something more human and more believable than a Life Force or kinship with animals or pure reason. "I am religious enough," wrote Shaw at 88, with the anxious exaggeration of a mellowing freethinker, "to have spent a great part of my life trying to clean up the heavily barnacled creeds, and make them credible, believing as I do that society cannot be held together without religion." Unfortunately, creeds cannot be reasoned or scrubbed into a state of credibility. That job will take another prophet, and he will be a very different kind of prophet from Shaw.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

The benign old gentleman on the opposite page is Edward H. Crump, political boss of Memphis, having the time of his life at a party he threw for his voters at an amusement park before the Aug. 1 Democratic primary. The boss reneged on a promise to ride the roller coaster on his head, but he gave away 30,000 hot dogs and 1,600 gallons of lemonade, exuded enough charm to please the most doubting rebel. His candidates, Senator McKellar and Governor McCord, won renomination hands down.

BOSS CRUMP RIDES A ROLLER COASTER WITH HIS
CONSTITUENTS TO HELP WIN TENNESSEE PRIMARY





IN STREET FIGHTING rebels captured municipal and military buildings, finally working their way to governmental palace itself. Men above are firing into Calama regiment

headquarters, where military dictators are entrenched. Soldiers from some regiments and cadets from the military college refused to fire on people. There were 800 casualties.



SUCCESSFUL REBELS, led by students waving banners (*above*) parade through city streets Sunday afternoon about half hour after storming palace and twice hanging Velasco

rope. In more somber mood two days later (*below*) a 45-block long procession marches through respectful crowds bearing coffins of those who died fighting Velasco forces.





STUDENT-REBEL, armed with gun seized from police supplies, rushes to join in storming presidential palace.

BOLIVIAN REVOLT

University students storm palace
and hang dictator from lamppost

One more dictator met his end on July 21 when Gu-
alberto Villarroel, president of Bolivia, was hanged
from a lamppost outside his palace.

Students of the University of La Paz were the ring-
leaders. They had started the revolt two weeks ear-
lier by demonstrating in the streets of the capital.
Troops fired, killing three students, and the revolu-
tion grew. Supported by the Workers' Federation,
the students broke into the city arsenals, armed
themselves and stormed the presidential palace. Vil-
larroel and his followers fought them off but finally
they broke in, finding the dictator badly wounded.
They hauled him into the courtyard below, where he
died at the rebels' feet. They hanged his body from
the lamppost. Next day a liberal junta was formed
by the students, professors and workers with a su-
preme-court justice at its head.

Fear struck the other South American dictators.
In Paraguay, Dictator Higinio Moríngó asked per-
mission to resign and leave the country. And in Ar-
gentina, Perón's newspapers blamed the Bolivian re-
volt on the fine Yankee hand of U.S. "imperialism."



BEFORE REVOLT, benedict Villarroel had ruled for
30 months after scoring coup against previous president.

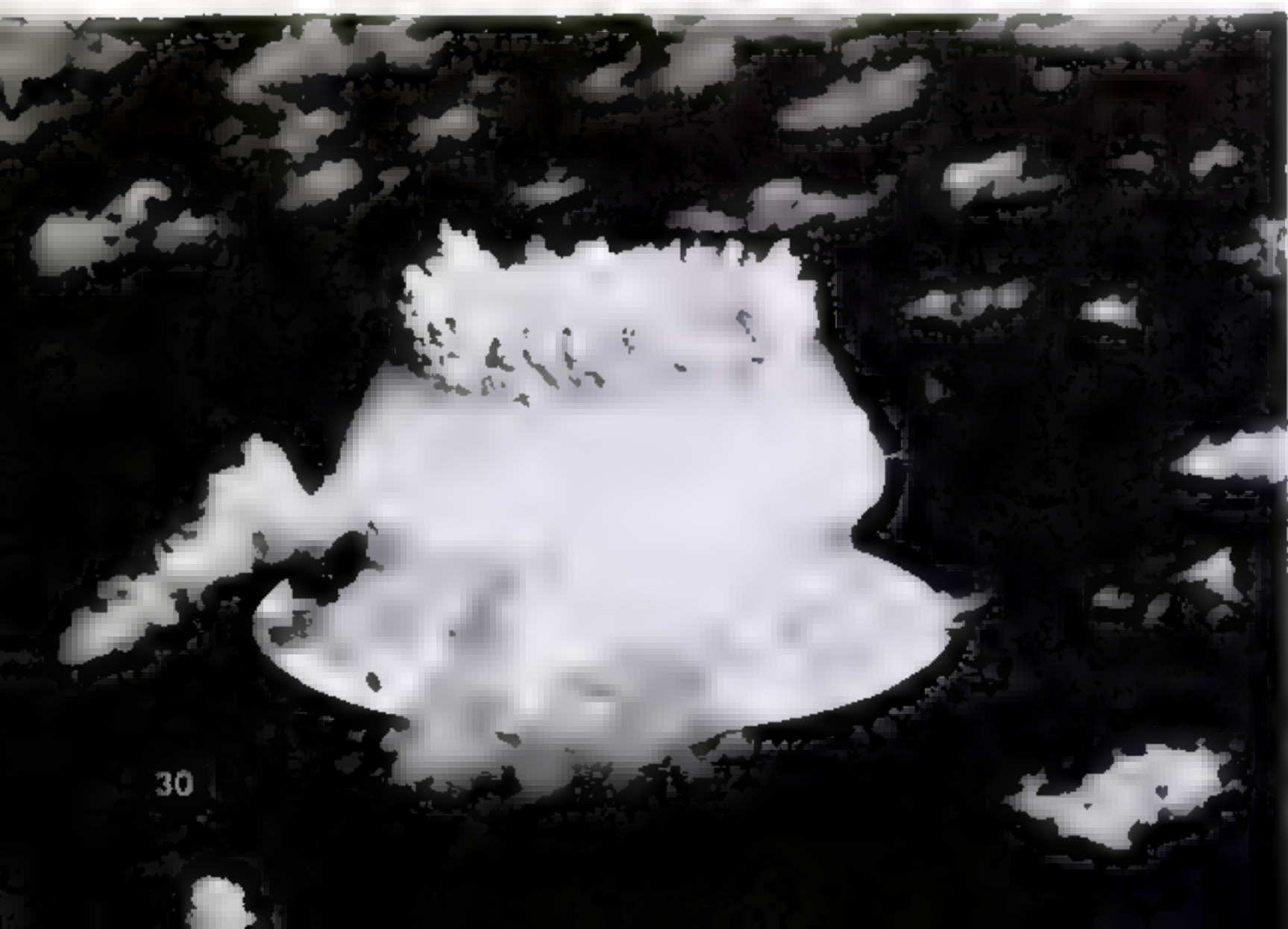


**BOLIVIAN DICTATOR VILLARROEL HANGS
FROM A LAMPOST OUTSIDE HIS PALACE**



COLUMN OF WATER THROWN UP BY BOMB CLIMBS ABOVE TARGET ARRAY. IN RIGHT SIDE OF COLUMN IS DARK RENT PROBABLY CAUSED BY BATTLESHIP "ARKANSAS."

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF EARLY STAGE SHOWS MIST SHROUDING WATER COLUMN



"BAKER DAY"

Awesome effects of atom bomb's underwater explosion

These strange and terrifying pictures, released last week, show clearly for the first time the effects of the atomic bomb exploded under water on "Baker Day," July 25, at Bikini Atoll. The automatic cameras that took the pictures from towers on the atoll were the same ones that photographed the over-water explosion a month before. This time, instead of showing the familiar pattern of a towering smoke column, they recorded a thick column of water, topped by a low, flat mushroom of steam. It was perhaps the most awesome man-made spectacle ever photographed.

The bomb was suspended in a concrete caisson below a landing ship at a depth somewhere between 18 and 90 feet. At the instant of detonation a great luminous dome of water rose above the surface of the lagoon. Following this a



PUFFS OF SMOKE RISE ABOVE SOME SHIPS, POSSIBLY WHERE PAINT HAS BEEN SCORCHED BY INITIAL BLAST. UMBRELLALIKE CLOUD DISSIPATED IN A FEW SECONDS

AT BIKINI

are photographed by automatic cameras on atoll's rim

light cloud quickly formed above the ships. In a few seconds the cloud vanished, revealing a solid pillar of water which climbed 5,500 feet. As the pillar collapsed, cascading tons of radioactive water over the ships, clouds of foam rolled out from its base (see picture at right).

The ancient battleship *Arkansas*, which appeared to be lifted bodily out of the water, sank before the clouds cleared away. Split open below the water line, the gallant old carrier *Saratoga* slid below the surface in eight hours. The battered Japanese battleship *Nagato* was the third capital ship to go down. Other ships in sinking condition were beached so their damage could be studied. Many of the target vessels were too radioactive to be inspected. In its effect, as well as in appearance, the second Bikini bomb was more impressive than the first.

WATER FALLS FROM THE COLUMN AFTER IT HAS REACHED ITS MAXIMUM HEIGHT





MIDSUMMER

**IN THE FIRST POSTWAR AUGUST, RELAXED CROWDS AT JONES BEACH
 TYPIFY THE U.S. DESIRE TO AVOID ANY MORE CRISES FOR A WHILE**

It was midsummer. The sun beat down hot and clear from straight overhead or hid behind a thin layer of cirrus cloud and spread a lamid yellow haze. Suddenly, in the heat and stickiness, everybody was tired, dog-tired, completely fed up with neckties, panty girdles, time clocks, cook stoves, typewriters, telephones, nail polish, straight seams, contract bridge, Rotary lunches and vitamin pills.

The world, as far as anybody could see with the





sweat of August trickling into his eyes, was going to the dogs anyway. Congress was tired, too, and going home after a series of baffling debates variously interpreted as inviting inflation and guaranteeing a flood of new nylons and refrigerators. The President was back home in Missouri, angrily trying to defeat a congressman most Americans never heard of. Jimmy Byrnes was way off in Paris, attending a peace conference which even Parisians,

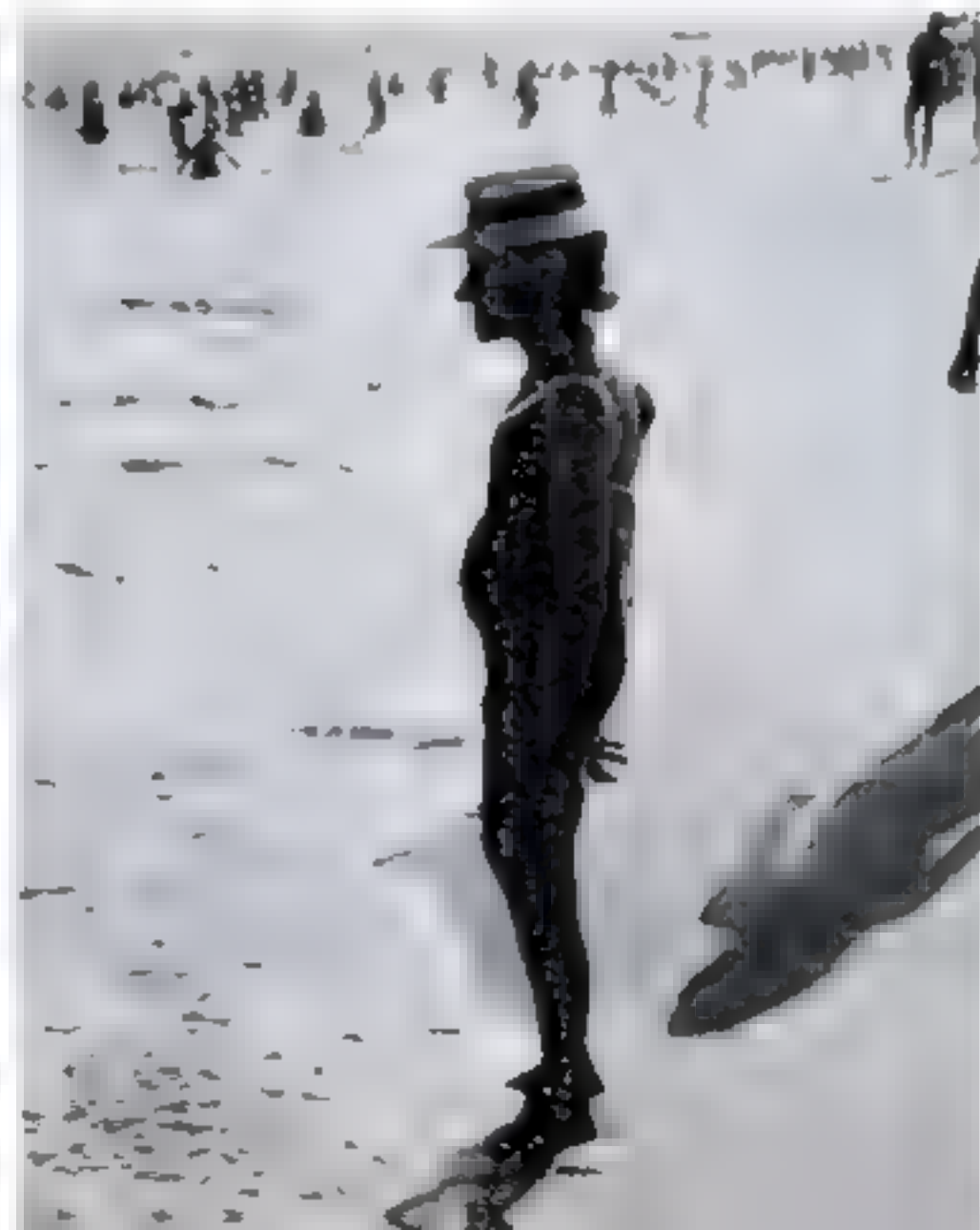
who were right there to watch, did not seem to understand. The primaries were in full swing and the voters had done a pretty job of turning out some rascals, but the balloting was light and last week in Tennessee there was an election-day riot and shooting.

If the war had ended, mankind's private wars certainly had not; as the temperature went up and editors began putting the nation's everyday squab-

bles on the front page, the headlines were appalling. Congressman May's finagling and Congressman Coffee's \$2,500 check were spelled out in big black type; the Comptroller General of the U.S. was moved to remark, "From my seat it looked as if everybody and his brother were out to get the government during the lush war years."

In Oregon a steam fitter excused the fact that he had dynamited his wife by explaining that he

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MIDSUMMER CONTINUED

merely planned to blow up her lover. In Manhattan three robbers, finding their profession dull, decided to lend it humor by stripping their victims naked. A young mother disappeared in New Hampshire, turned up in Nevada, insisted that she had been abducted by a mysterious stranger and finally admitted that she was just sick of her home life. The Ku Klux Klan had been rejuvenated to the point where the FBI was forced to start a seven-state investigation.

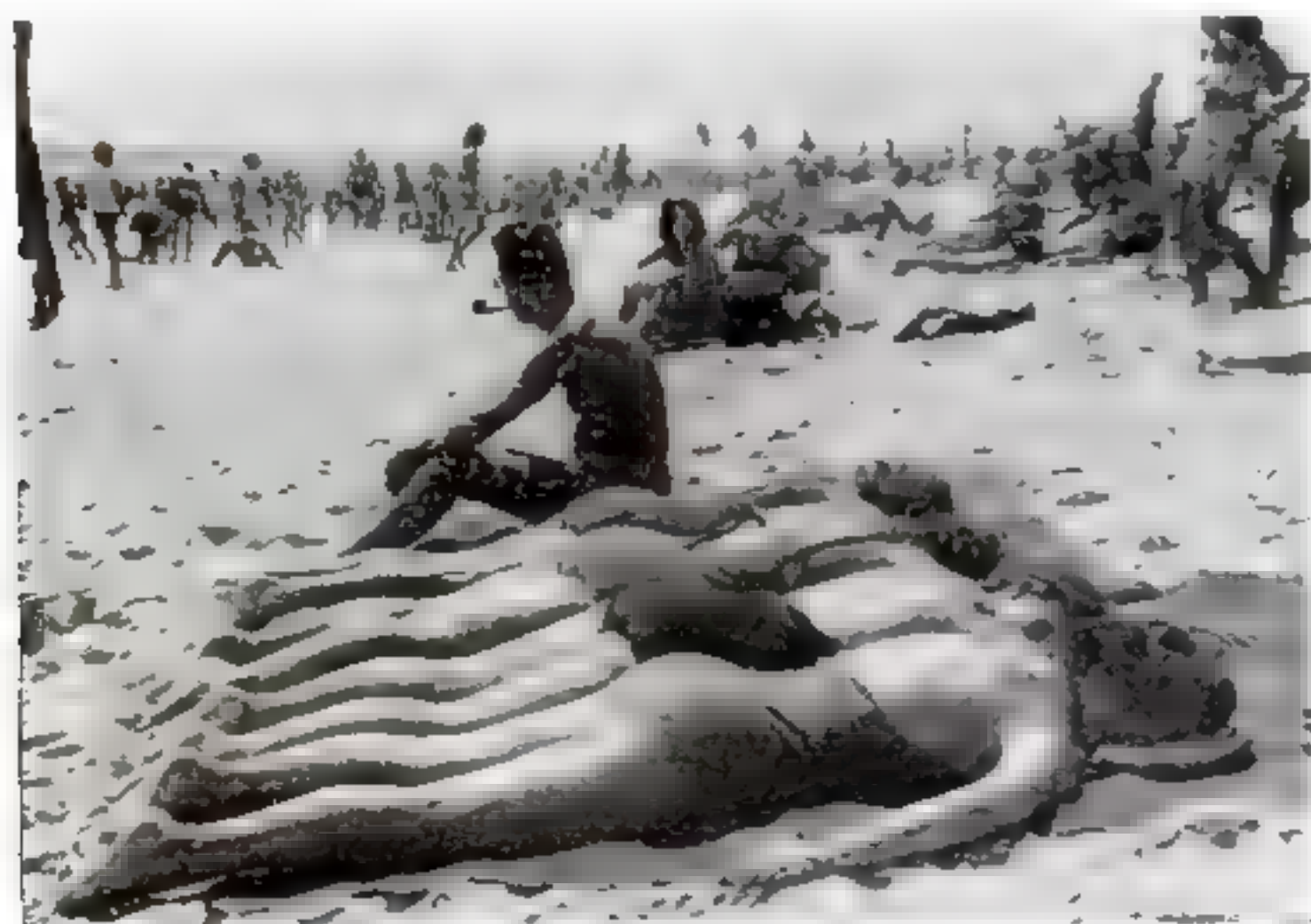
Even where the headlines were not frightening, they were a little too fast for the midsummer mind to follow. An Army plane flew across the U.S. in seven hours and 28 minutes, which is obviously impossible. The Treasury, which was talking about a balanced budget last spring, suddenly discovered that it was running at a \$7-billion deficit. In Illinois a carnival merry-go-round got into the spirit of things and raced around at 60 miles an hour for seven minutes, throwing off most of its passengers before it could be brought under control. Yet you still couldn't buy a new automobile or find a place to live advertised in the classified section.

So the people put their newspapers to the use for which God probably intended them in August. They folded the papers into triangles, fastened them at the corners and wore them as hats to keep off the summer sun. They spread them on beaches and covered them with frankfurters, potato salad, pickles and Thermos bottles. And then they undid their stays, let their hair down and dug their toes happily in the sand—without dignity and without care. The beach season was on; a man could escape all the exhausting confines and pretenses of civilization for the mere price of a gallon of gas or a bus ride.

These photographs could have been made almost anywhere in the U.S. last week. Actually they were made at Jones Beach, a New York state park on Long Island, close by the hot pavements of Manhattan. Socially speaking, Jones Beach is a cut above Coney Island and a cut below the fancy private clubs; like most other beaches and pools all over the nation, it is the property of the middle class to which most Americans belong or think they do. Multiply these scenes by several thousand, add the backyards where crab grass does in place of sand and a water hose in place of the ocean, add the mountain resorts and all the rest of the nation's vast vacationland, and you have a fair picture of the U.S. in August.

The picture was compounded of muscular grace and bulging waistlines, of smooth tans and freckles, of sunburn oil, adhesive plaster and soggy towels. But it was notable that the people who looked the funniest always had the most fun. Thus it would be until the nation had to button up again, slick back its hair and get to work.

If this year's escape to the beaches had a certain desperate quality, if it brought out bathing suits which obviously had been in moth balls since the early '20s, if the sighs of relief were louder and longer, this was because America had just gone through six straight summers of crisis, and everybody needed a rest. And only on a beach, staring at his own knobby knees and the lithe bodies of the youngsters, could a man view even 1946's events with the equanimity they really deserved. Actually, to a man who could sit down and cool off and maybe have somebody bury him up to the chin in sand, things weren't nearly so bad as they seemed in the city. President Truman, who has a swimming pool right in the White House where he can capture the judicial view, was reported to have made up his mind there would be absolutely no more crises in Washington this year. The C.I.O.'s President Phil Murray, apparently also influenced by the August mood, was said to have decided there would be positively no more strikes. And in the meantime there was almost no unemployment and the flood of postwar goods was getting closer; Washington announced that production would probably hit a peacetime record this month. A record wheat crop was in and a record corn crop tasseling. Perhaps all the nation really had to fear was sunburn.



That's what Campbell's Soups are...

Mmm!



There's only one way to make chicken soup, of course, and that's with plenty of chicken! Campbell's know that; and that's why you'll get the good taste of chicken all through the golden-gleaming broth and in the fine white rice. And you'll enjoy the tender pieces of chicken added so lavishly. Yes . . . just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's Chicken Soup! Had it lately?

Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP

Mmm!

It's a great specialty at famous eating places, where fine food is a tradition. And now, at your own table, you can enjoy this wonderful soup as Campbell's make it. You'll find Campbell's Black Bean Soup a purée of choice black beans, satin-smooth and rich and so deliciously different. A treat the family will appreciate—smart for your entertaining, too. Why not serve it soon?

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

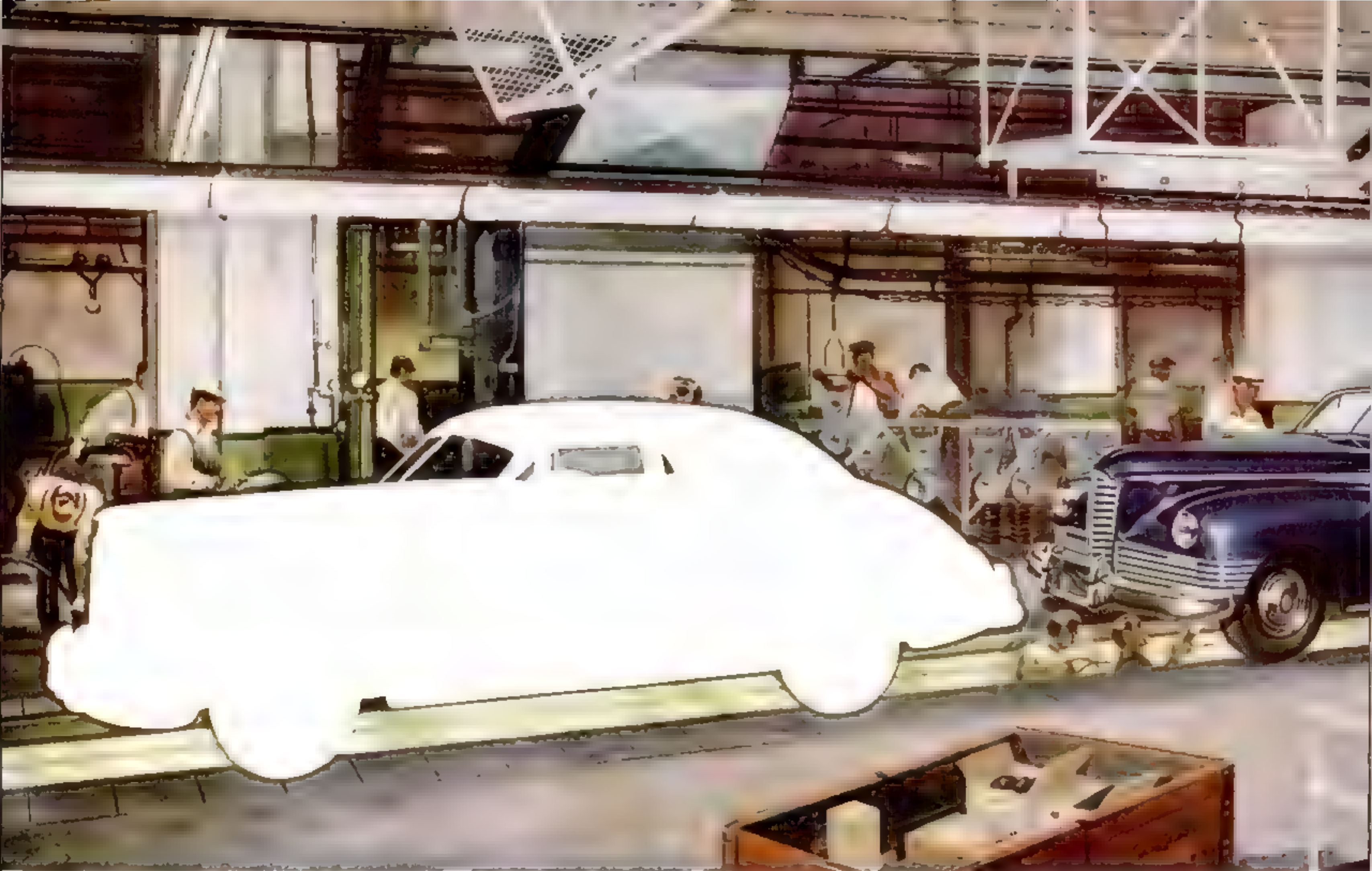
Good!

Just about everybody likes good vegetable soup! Nowadays, more and more women are calling on Campbell's Vegetable Soup for its homey goodness. They know the fine beef stock and fifteen different garden vegetables Campbell's use make it stout eating for the heartiest appetites . . . and make it, too, as tempting as it is nourishing. No wonder women say this soup is "almost a meal in itself"!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





• The extra Packard Clipper we could have built—but didn't

THOUSANDS of brand-new Packard Clippers have already rolled off our assembly lines.

But this picture shows a Clipper that never got to the assembly line. *Purposely.*

Why? Simply because we knew that by *not* building this new car, we could use those materials to supply pre-war Packard owners with the new parts they needed to keep their present cars rolling.

You know that no new cars were built during the war. As a result, many Packard owners

have been forced to drive their cars *years* longer than even a car as fine as a Packard could be expected to run without at least *some* repairs and replacements.

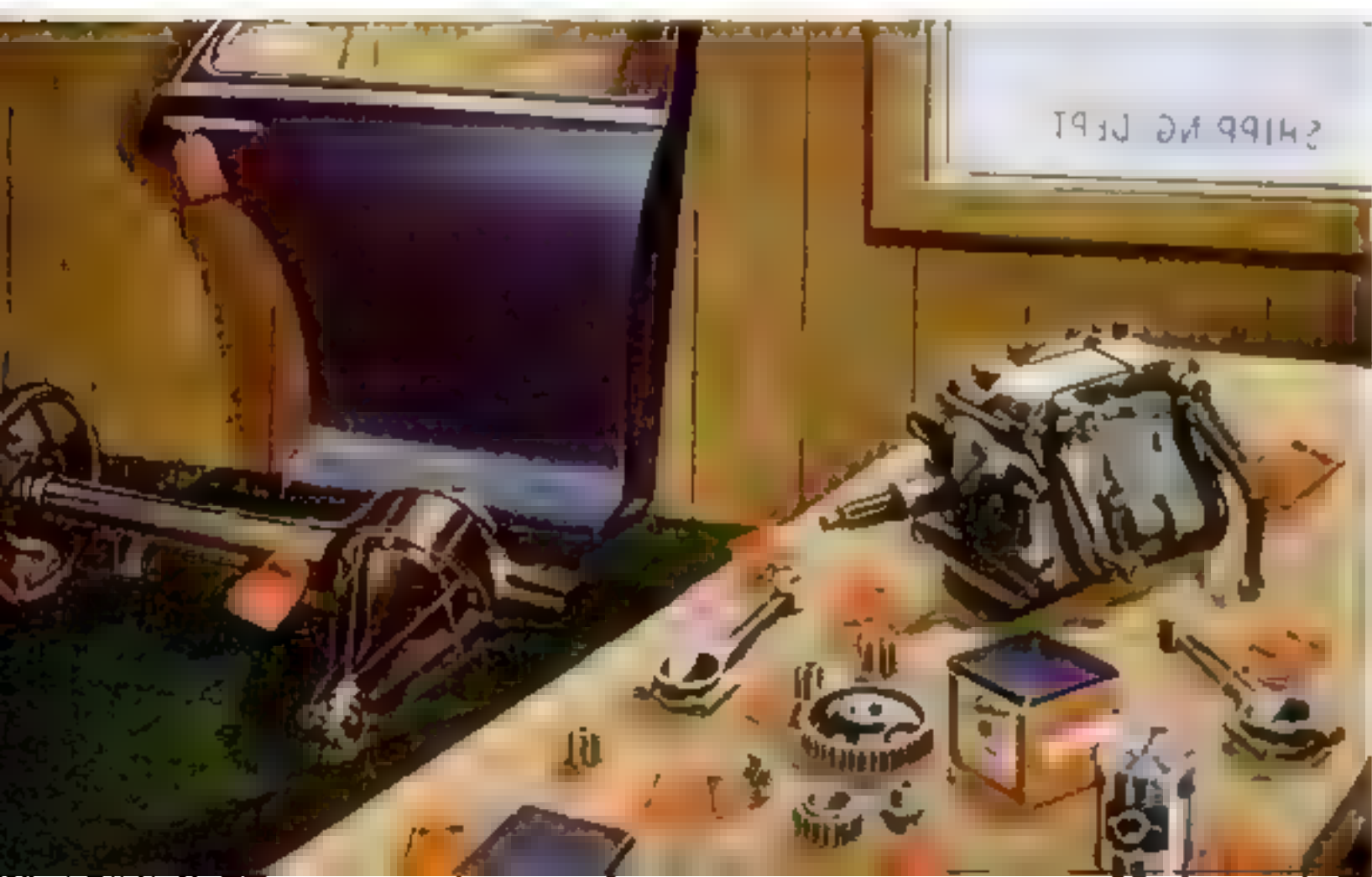
So sometimes instead of building a Packard engine for a new car on our assembly line, we'd build one for a man whose pre-war Packard had far outrun its normal life.

And instead of tagging parts for *new* Packards, we'd send them to owners who needed them to keep their present Packards running.

It has always been Packard's chief concern to *take good care of the people who own and drive Packard cars.* And we know that by refusing to build a few hundred more *new* Packard cars this year, we could better serve thousands of *old* Packard owners.

That must be one of the reasons why Packard owners are so loyal, year after year.

And perhaps it's one of the reasons why so many of them say, "Packard is a good company to do business with."



HOW WELL has Packard taken care of its pre-war buyers? Just consider this fact: Volume of parts shipments was raised, in June, to three times the normal pre-war rate—29% above Packard's all-time previous high!

PACKARD
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

TOURISTS

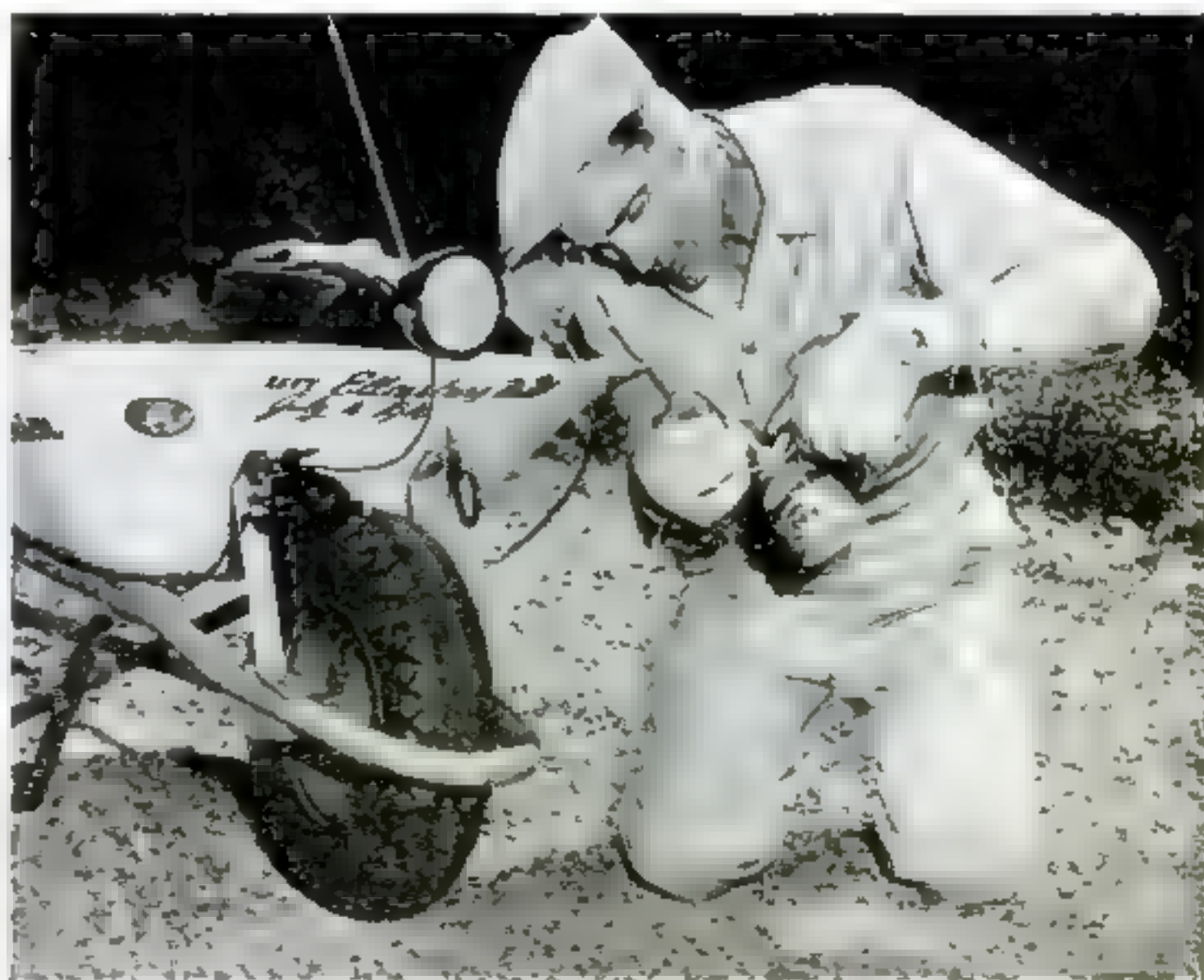
Not all the people of the U.S. were content to veg-etate at the local beach this summer (see pp.32-34). A few of the especially foot-loose citizens of an especially foot-loose nation were off on some of the most difficult and fantastic expeditions since Lewis and Clark. Two fathers and sons floated down the Mississippi River en route from Chicago to New Orleans on a 21- by 10-foot raft. Two women motorcycled from Berkeley, Calif. to Boston after one of them quit her job as an embalmer. Another pair of girls bicycled from Syracuse, N.Y. to St. Louis to win a \$25 bet. But the nation's most famous tourist was still Eleanor Roosevelt, who called for her reservation at a hotel in Portland, Maine, was told that no dogs were allowed in the rooms, quietly but firmly walked out and joined Fala at a nearby tourist cabin, leaving a red-faced room clerk to ponder through the night what the boss would say in the morning.



HOWARD SANDEL, 71, set out from Mountain Home, Ark. for La Marque, Texas, 700 miles away. To win a \$75 bet he is going by horse and wagon. Conditions of the bet are that he make the distance in 36 days, traveling only eight hours a day, never pushing his horse Ozark above a walk. For protection he carries an 1873 Springfield, the type used in Custer's Last Stand.



CARL CURTIS (right), an ex-soldier from Salem, Neb., rattled noisily into Kansas City in a 1914 Ford, en route to Detroit, 850 miles from his home town. Curtis hoped to confront Ford officials with this early vintage product of theirs, ask them if they did not think he needed a new car.



LARRY HIGHTOWER, ex-cowboy from Ellensburg, Wash., started out from his home town on July 4 with a wheelbarrow he hopes to push around the world. He plans a safe 12 years for the trip. At last week's end he had gone 300 miles along the Pacific Coast, had 19,700 to go.



FOR HOT WEATHER New preparation for REMINGTON electric shaving

• Tests by 800 men prove you can now enjoy a new high in performance from your Remington Electric Shaver—even on hot, humid days—with sensational new Lectric Shave. It's a scientific development of The J. B. Williams Company to help you get faster, closer electric shaves. Just dash a few drops on your face *before* shaving.



FASTER SHAVES!
Evaporates perspiration—lubricates

• Lectric Shave evaporates sticky, shaver-clogging perspiration—overcomes friction between the face and shaver head. It makes shaving more comfortable for men with dry skin—helps save precious minutes.

CLOSER SHAVES!
Conditions beard—softens wiry whiskers



• A special emulsifying ingredient in Lectric Shave takes the "fight" out of tough whiskers—helps you get a closer, longer-lasting shave. It's good for the motor of your shaver, too.

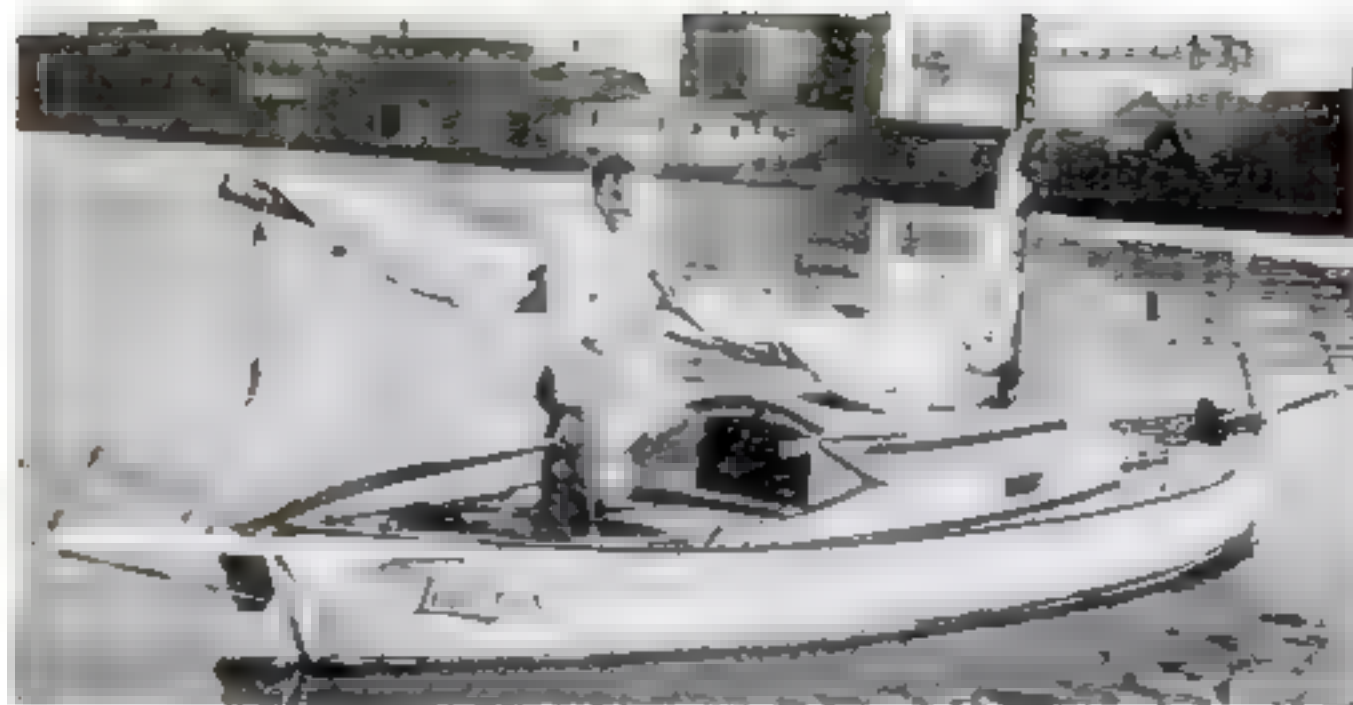
Free Sample—

Lectric Shave works equally well with any make of electric shaver. On sale at dealers everywhere—or send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LE-3, Glastonbury, Conn., for free trial-size bottle. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)



MAKES ELECTRIC SHAVING EASIER

TOURISTS CONTINUED



HOWARD BURETTA prepared a 29-foot sloop to leave Aug. 30 from Manitowoc, Wis. for South America. This involves sailing down Lake Michigan to Chicago, down the Illinois River to the Mississippi, down that, past New Orleans, across Gulf of Mexico.



JOHN BACON (left) and a fellow Harvard man left from Boston for Los Angeles in a 1911 Locomobile. The Locomobile, equipped with a Klaxon horn and acetylene head lamps, is, according to Bacon, "more comfortable than some of the modern vehicles."



TWO TEXANS, Ed Clevinger (left) and Dick Clark, set off with a 1914 Ford and a newer trailer on an expedition from Waco, Texas to Alaska. They hoped that they would finish their 6,000-mile trip without even having to pin up the car's side curtains.



THREE DETROITERS, Connie Wellbourn (left), her sister Jenny (center) and Zane Laidlaw, were en route to New York City in a milk wagon. They plan to tour New England this summer, swing South when the weather gets cold. They average 8 miles a day.



CAR LIGHTER

• WORN OUT?
• MISSING?

REPLACE IT



WITH ANOTHER

CASCO!

Make your car lighter good as new.

...If it won't light, simply screw a new Casco heating element on to your present lighter knob . . . only \$1.00

...If it is missing, replace it with another Casco "pop-out" unit for . . . \$1.50

Casco makes the famous pop-out lighters found in most cars and now Casco is back with the parts you need to repair or replace your lighter. At auto supply stores, service stations and garages. Casco Products Corporation, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

CASCO

POP-OUT DASHBOARD LIGHTER

TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
JOHN RISSMAN & SON



BONMOUTON*

goes to Paris!

Born but a few months ago, BONMOUTON,* the New Era fur, is already the toast of every fashion capital. Rich as beaver, sleek as nutria... it's no wonder BONMOUTON inspired the great designers of Paris, New York, and Hollywood to create fabulous coat *prophecies* in this Fur of the Future. (Illustrated is a jacket by Piguet.) You, too, will want a coat of BONMOUTON. It's so precious looking and costs so little. It's so practical. BONMOUTON is actually waterproofed for lasting beauty and wear. But see your furrier *now* if you want a BONMOUTON coat for your very own this Fall, because there won't be enough to go around.



MOTTY EITONGON, INC.
224 West 30th Street, New York

* Distinguishes product of Motty Eitongon, Inc.
* Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





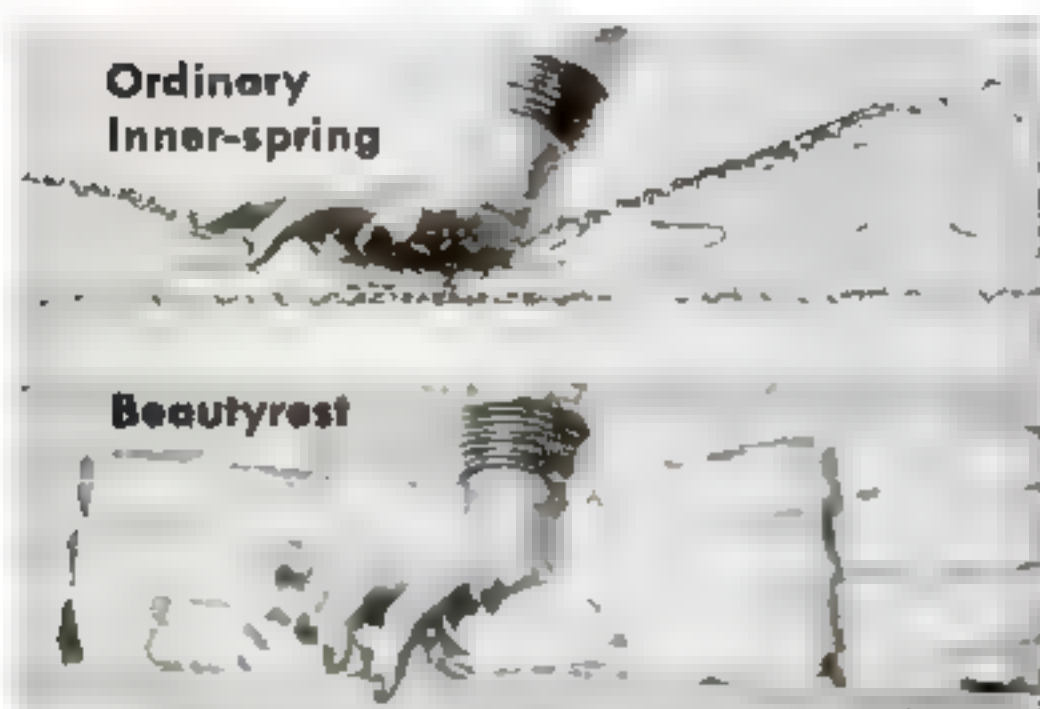
CAROL LANDIS, star of Arnold Pressburger's "A SCANDAL IN PARIS," portrays the comfort of Beautyrest slumber.

Some friendly advice—if you NEED A NEW BEAUTYREST MATTRESS!

1. So many people want to relax on luxurious new Beautyrests, your dealer just can't oblige everyone these days, SO . . .

—be wise and order your Beautyrest NOW! Then, if you do have to wait, it won't be for long.

Remember, there's nothing more important to your *comfort, relaxation, or well-being* than a good mattress. That's why the best mattress is always the best buy—a Beautyrest!



2. Don't be fooled about "inner-springs." There are two different kinds. In the ordinary inner-spring mattress (top), coil springs are joined together, go down together, forming uncomfortable hollows.

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are independent, not joined together. Each separately cushions your hips, shoulders, legs.

That's what gives you gloriously buoyant comfort!



3. Look for more than good "looks!" It's good construction that counts! That's what makes the luxurious Beautyrest last so much longer.

Beautyrest is so well built that it does not sag, get lumpy or out of shape. Its patented sag-proof border stays neat, firm, resilient.

No wonder Beautyrest is guaranteed for at least TEN full years! With care, it will last even longer.



4. Get your money's worth! Other mattresses may not give you prewar value today—but Beautyrest will!

For little more than 1¢ a night, you enjoy the same fine construction . . . superb tailoring . . . luxurious comfort Beautyrest offered you before the war. It was a grand value then. It's a great value now.

So order your new Beautyrest as soon as you can! Even if you do have a short wait, it'll be worth it!

Beautyrest* by SIMMONS

MAKER OF OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING
AND THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET

COPYR. 1946, SIMMONS CO.
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE



JUST MARRIED, MISS YOUNG WEARS TRADITIONAL BRIDAL NIGHTGOWN



SECOND YEAR, SHE WEARS GRECIAN DRESS FROM TROUSSEAU

Ten Years of Nightgowns

**LORETTA YOUNG WEARS THEM
TO AMPLIFY NEW MOVIE ROLE**

Many brides think of nightgown as married life's most important accompaniment. In her new Hal Wallis, Paramount movie, *The Perfect Marriage*, Loretta Young plays a woman who has been happily married for 10 years. In the picture Miss Young wears two nightgowns, both of them suitable for a veteran of marriage in her early 30s. To fill in the intervening years from wedding day to 10th year, LIFE asked Dressmaker Edith Head to design a whole wardrobe of nightgowns, with each one reflecting a woman's mood as she enters on another year of marriage. Loretta Young modeled the lingerie and the results are shown on these pages.

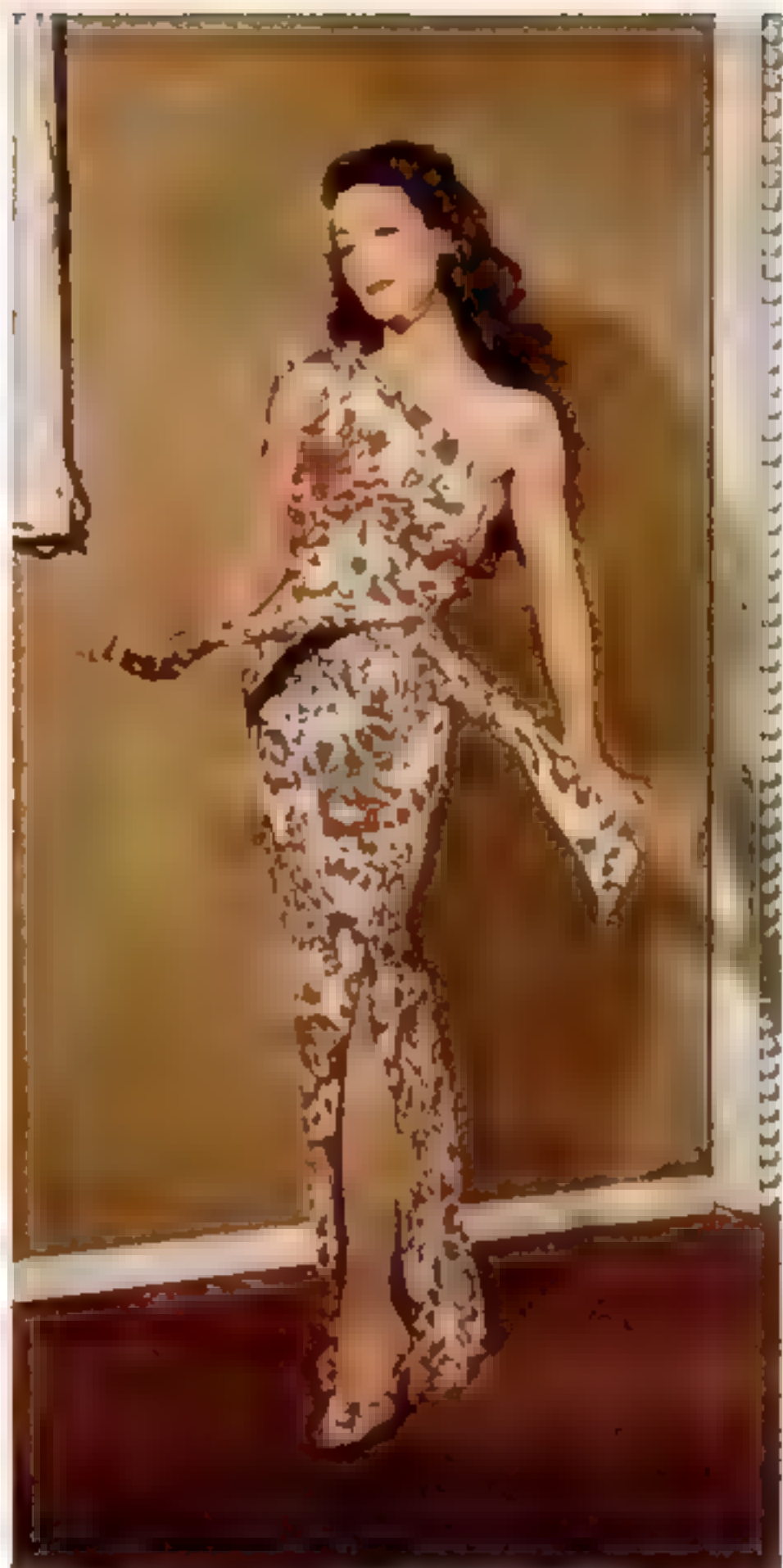
THIRD YEAR ENDS TROUSSEAU. NIGHTGOWN IS YOUTHFUL, DEMURE

FOURTH YEAR BRINGS FIRST TOUCHES OF SOPHISTICATION

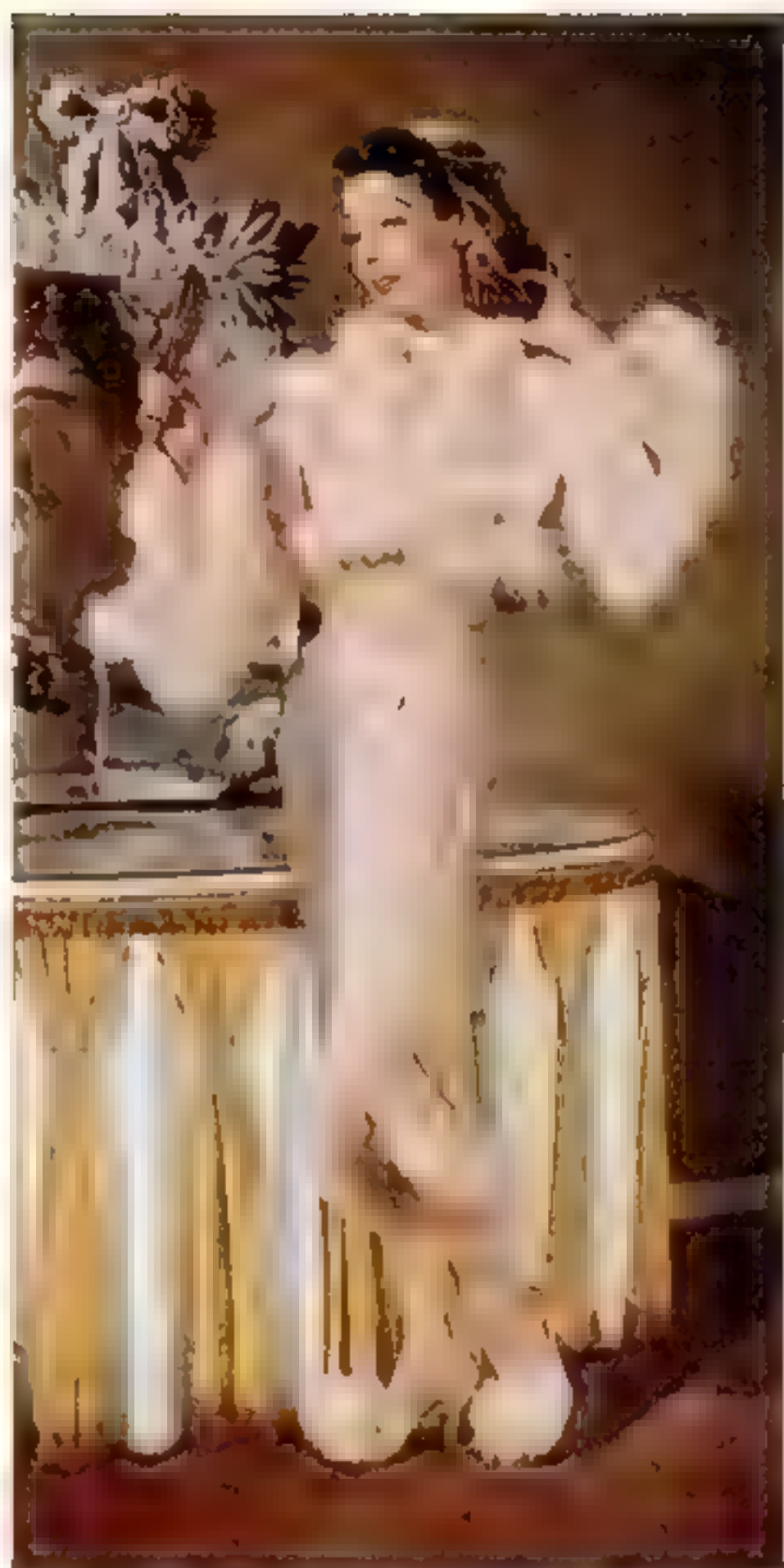




FIFTH YEAR loses its ill-cropped, frayed, and with a bare neckline and long sleeves, the first use of dark lace.



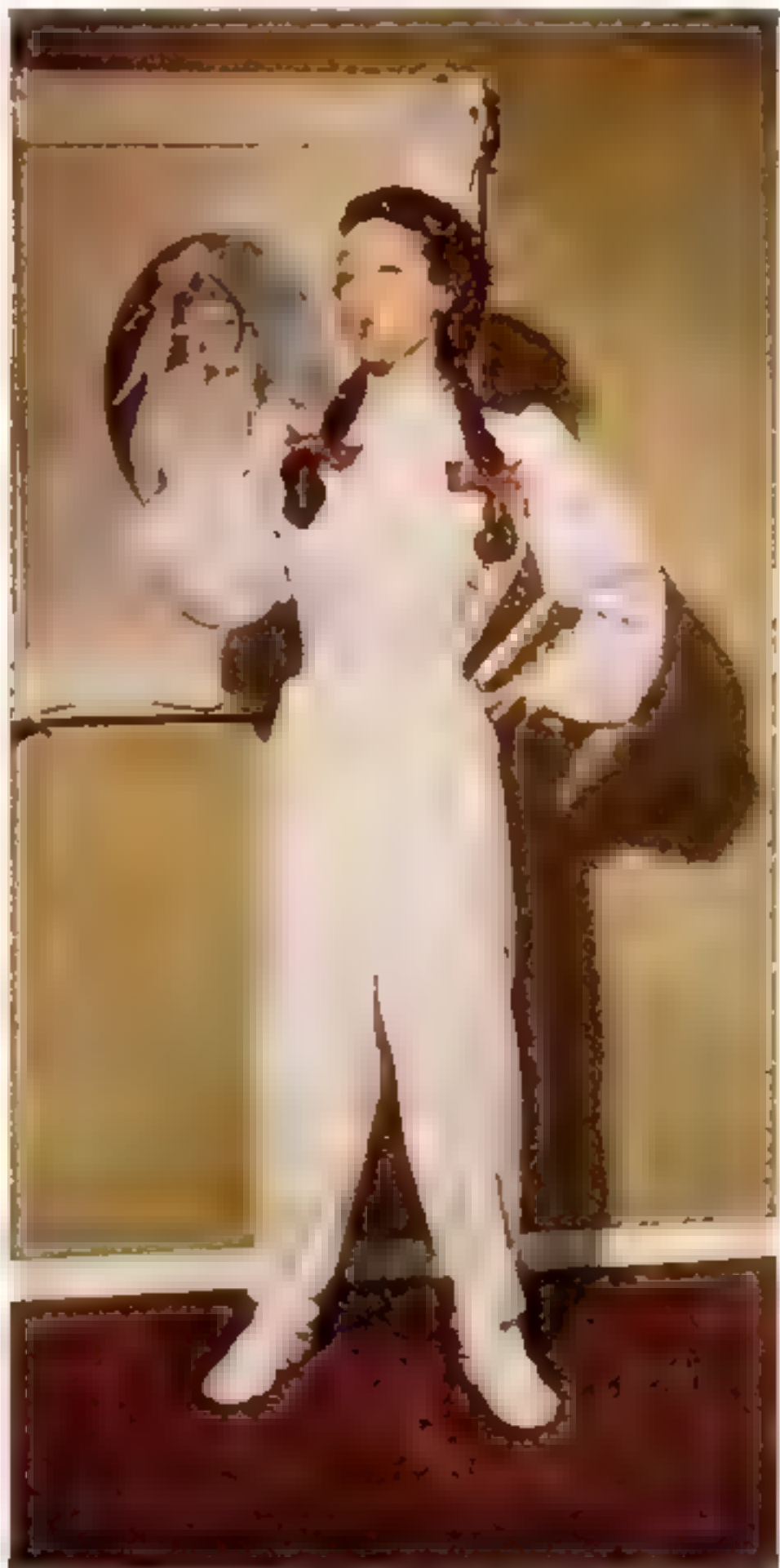
SIXTH YEAR introduces a high provocative bodice, a wide, pointed collar, a low, long, or a high skirt.



SEVENTH YEAR designs for full. It has effect of making a statue of a woman in a room.



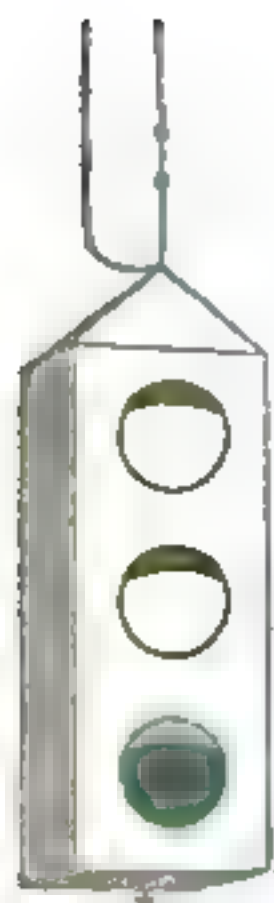
EIGHTH YEAR turns away completely from silky, revealing nightgowns to one of simple, severe flannel.



NINTH YEAR brings the first pajamas, as matter of fact and unflattering as the portails. Miss Young wears.



TENTH YEAR brings a sharp reversal. Black lace tries to recall more romantic days of early marriage.



The "Coming Thing" in Cars—Has Come!

Wonderful things have developed since you last bought an automobile—

Overnight plane service to London, Paris . . . revolutionary new airliners and streamliners . . . radar . . . television . . . and now—in the new, low-price Nash "600"—the "coming thing" in cars has come.

No doubt about it—not when you hear what a new Nash "600" does, and *offers!*

You get economy of 25 to 30 miles on a gallon at moderate highway speeds—500 to 600 miles on a tankful!

Instead of the usual interior dimensions you get a car so roomy that the front seat is divan size and the rear seat can be made into a soft, double bed at night, if you like.

Instead of the usual "heater," Nash offers the Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System—so that the whole car is draftless, dustless—and warm as your living room, in cold weather.

Instead of the usual ride, you get the silky smooth, silent ride that only individual coil springing on all four wheels can give you.

And here—for the first time—is a car that is actually free of the drag of extra dead weight! Built a different way—body

and frame are one single unit of welded steel . . . quiet . . . and stronger.

You yourself must see the difference it makes—in the brilliant new performance, balance and driving ease that the new Nash offers. Your dealer is now displaying the new Nash "600"—and the new Ambassador, too. See him and discover what the car of the future is like!

Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit—David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey, Kitty Kallen. Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System.

NASH MOTORS—Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH *Nash*





GOWN BY ADELE SIMPSON

COPYRIGHT 1947 THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRST LOVE

ETERNALLY YOURS

ADORATION



Even more enchanting than you'd dreamed! Your best-loved 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern, gleaming in the soft candlelight! This truly fine silverplate brings you a rich heritage of century-old artistry . . . unusual beauty and quality you can see and feel! Order your starting service now. And be sure to look for the year-mark "1847" on the back.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE

CONFIDENCE GAMES

More swindlers are bilking more U.S. suckers today than ever before, and veterans are among their prime victims

by CARLTON BROWN

ONE day in September 1940, Police Lieut. James Farrell and Detective Thomas Thornton stopped their car on the road between Westbury and Bethpage, Long Island. Three men with acetylene torches and crowbars were ripping up the tracks of a seldom-used spur of the Long Island Railroad, while a fourth stood over them directing operations. The foreman, the policemen found, was Michael Palermo, a young junk dealer. He told of having contracted with one John Weiss, "a representative of the Brooklyn Transit Company," to buy eight tons of trackage for \$75, and more if he wanted it at a higher rate. The junk dealer said he had insisted on making everything official by having his contract with Weiss witnessed by a notary public. Then Palermo had gone to work with his crew and in two days had torn up and sold 1,000 feet of rail, weighing 18 tons, at \$14 to \$16 a ton. At the rate they were going, it would not have taken them long to get to the eastern terminus of the line at Farmingdale, five miles away.

The cops called the railroad officials and learned that the sale had not been authorized. They went to the notary who had witnessed Palermo's contract and verified that part of his story, but no one answering to Weiss's description could be found. When the junk dealer came before the Nassau County grand jury, it

refused to indict him. The jurors, perhaps with a touch of tolerant fondness, recognized Palermo as one of a traditional line of suckers whose birth rate Barnum estimated at one per minute.

Currently the swindler's prime object for reconversion into sucker is the veteran with savings in overseas pay, loans under the GI Bill of Rights and a long-frustrated desire to spend and invest. Next on the swindler's list comes former war workers, housewives, farmers and wage earners who have been saving war bonds for postwar purchases. Unless they are careful, any one of them is likely to wind up holding an up-to-date version of the venerable gold brick.

The trappings of con games may be revised to suit the times, but the fundamental stimuli remain the same. Transactions involving the Brooklyn Bridge have become unpopular as a result of the publicity given them by generations of comedians, but the basic principle remains workable. Not long ago an Italian immigrant paid a large concession fee to operate the information booth in Grand Central Station as a fruit stand. Near Yonkers four ingenious promoters noticed a gash in the hillside where road construction had been suspended. They printed stock certificates, drove auto loads of prospects out from New York to survey the resting steam shovel and grading machinery,

convinced them that a rich vein of gold was being opened at the roadside and collected \$135,000 before the road gang returned to work. And again, a police captain in a western state found a farmer standing guard over an improvised toll gate at a bridge and collecting heavy fees from motorists.

"I bought this bridge for \$10,000 from the contractor who built it," the farmer told the officer. "I met him through a judge from New York. Fine fellows, both of them. I've been with them every day for two weeks. Here, I'll show you the papers."

"Never mind," said the captain. "I know how the story goes. First you met the judge, as if by chance. Then, by chance, you and he found a wallet filled with cash, big checks, contracts and business cards. You and the judge looked them all over, found out where the contractor was staying and returned the wallet to him. To show his gratitude, the contractor let you both buy in on the bridge. Now that they've got your cash, you'll find no trace of either of them." The pair had used the hoary "magic wallet" trick several times in other sections to prove that, with the Brooklyn stigma removed, a brisk trade could still be done in bridges.

The French call such confidence frauds as these "*le vol à l'américain*" — the American

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IN HOTEL ROOM swindlers lay out their phony cosmetic line and wait for a sucker to answer their local ad.



FEMALE "BAIT" turns on the charm for prospect who is impressed by her pseudo-sophisticated manners.



COSMETICS with a bogus "Countess Romanoff" label are given sales build-up by con man's leggy accomplice.



ON THE DOTTED LINE, sucker signs contract for "exclusive" sales rights in exchange for all his savings.

LET THE BUYER BEWARE!

One of the oldest confidence games is known as the "territorial rights" racket. It has taken a new lease on life since war's end, chiefly because many veterans want to set up their own businesses and are easy game for con men who offer "exclusive" territorial rights to phony products. In these pictures, LIFE re-enacts, with paid actors, how a swindler and his flashy female "bait" fool an unsuspecting veteran into believing he is getting "exclusive" sales rights to a "well-known" cosmetic line.



NEXT CUSTOMER comes in door as first sucker goes. "Countess Romanoff" cosmetics are never delivered.

"But he doesn't have to be big and strong, he's got a #1 Face!"



That's a Barbasol Face, of course—a #1 Face that feels as good as it looks to the lady in your life. Try Barbasol and discover for yourself the superior qualities that have made this famous brand America's #1 shave for speed and ease, soothing comfort and mighty smooth results. Tubes and jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family sizes, 75¢ and \$1.



theft—a name merited by the susceptibility of our suckers. An Italian university graduate, Carlo M. Flumiani, reflected one facet of an international attitude when he said that he had come to America because he had heard it was "full of peasants who think they can write." He set up a "vanity" publishing concern called Fortuny's Publishers, Inc., and advertised for aspiring authors to submit manuscripts. All received enthusiastically worded form letters of acceptance, prepared by a staff of high-school graduates headed by an "editor in chief" who earned \$12.60 a week. Though Flumiani represented that his firm would pay most of the cost of publication and give books large distribution, actually the author paid four or five times the cost. Before he was fined \$2,500 and sent to jail for 18 months on a mail-fraud charge in December 1941, Flumiani took \$250,000 from the writing peasantry.

Our native swindlers define a sucker as "a fish that will bite on a bare hook." They call him chump, Mr. Wright, Mr. Goodman, wise guy, easy mark, come-on, flyflat, John, juggins or pigeon. They figure that for every Mr. Goodman who thinks he can write, there are several Mr. Wrights who feel equipped to get the best of business transactions. Many of the traditional, high-score con games depend on the axiom, "You can't cheat an honest man," and are aimed at chumps who are eager to accept an "inside deal" on a get-rich-quick proposition. These greedy pigeons, in the view of old-line gypsters, are simply begging to be plucked.

The majority of today's victims, however, are not out for easy money. They want jobs and small businesses, homes and scarce commodities. Consequently today's swindlers bait their hooks with these essentials. Postmaster General Robert E. Hannegan reports that in December 1945 more than five times as many fraudulent schemes were barred from the mails as in any month in the preceding two years. In 1944 the public was mulcted of an estimated \$3½ billion, a sum that compares favorably, from the swindler's point of view, with the total of \$400,000,000 in Liberty bonds alone which the public paid out in fraudulent deals following World War I.

Swindling from across the border

SECURITIES swindles, which took the largest bite out of World War I savings, have since been legislated almost out of existence in the U.S., but many of our slick operators have set up bucket shops in Canada and are doing a thriving U.S. business. Trading on the boom in reputable Canadian mining shares, "dynamiters" circularize U.S. sucker lists with tip sheets urging investors to "get in on the ground floor." They tell, in strikingly unanimous terms, of a grizzled and untutored prospector who rushed into the promoter's office, spewed several bagsful of gold quartz on his desk and asked him to finance the mining of his claims. The recipient of the letter is offered the privilege of becoming an assistant financier on temptingly low terms. Gold-mining stocks offered by the Canadian bucketeers are of the "blue-sky" type, often selling at less than \$1 a share. By January 1946, U.S. agencies had ordered 272 Ontario mining-stock operators to "cease and desist" offering stock not registered with securities authorities here. A new Ontario securities act is expected to curb the dynamiters. Meanwhile, they are blasting an estimated \$1,000,000 a week out of the U.S.

During the war and postwar years there has been a great boom in swindles aimed at people looking for jobs and small businesses. Better Business Bureaus receive a disheartening stream of complaints from job hunters who have bought stock in a company as a condition of their employment, only to have the company fold and leave the sucker without his job or his investment.

In San Francisco a retired businessman called on the B. B. B. to inquire about a proposition his ex-soldier son was about to accept. For an investment of \$10,000 in a concern, the veteran was promised a return of \$20,000 within one year, and meanwhile was to receive 5% of the gross revenue for his services as manager. The deal was forestalled when the promoter's record as a confidence man of international disrepute was found in the bureau's files. In the same city an ailing veteran of World War I answered a classified ad and was impressed by the piety of the businessman who offered him a share in his manufacturing concern. "Christ bade us love and trust our fellowman," said the industrialist. "There is a great need for religion in these trying times." After putting up \$2,000, of which \$1,500 was borrowed from relatives, the veteran discovered that the machinery was beyond repair and the income nil.

Hundreds of similar swindles are recorded in B. B. B. files the country over. It has come to be common practice for the proprietor of a small business faced with bankruptcy to unload it at a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Let's go, boss!



... get the superior **FIRE-POWER** of **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline!

- ✓ **SMOOTHNESS** — Fire-Chief is both trigger-quick in starting, and smooth, velvety in road performance thanks to its *balanced* Fire-Power.
- ✓ **FULL POWER** — Your car "glides" uphill on Fire-Chief's accurately adjusted balance of power and smooth action ingredients.
- ✓ **ECONOMY** — Full power is *economical* power. Fire-Chief's alert Fire-Power prevents gasoline waste.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

where you get...



SKY CHIEF
GASOLINE



FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE



HAVOLINE AND TEXACO
MOTOR OILS



MARFAK
LUBRICATION



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN ... Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

4 Reasons Why

Fleischmann's makes America's
Most Delicious Tom Collins!



DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

CONFIDENCE GAMES CONTINUED

vastly inflated price through various ruses. The first principle is to make business appear brisk by employing "shills" to act as customers while the prospective buyer is examining the property. In one instance a veteran bought a small restaurant which appeared to be doing a thriving business, and learned later that the "customers" he had seen had been lured in for the occasion by the promise of free meals. Another bought a shoe store and found that most of the boxes lining the walls were empty. He had signed an agreement giving him the "stock on hand" and the "good will" of the store for his money. The stock had been grossly misrepresented by the sellers, but only verbally, and there was nothing in the agreement that specified its amount or value. The good will was such that the buyer required legal aid to meet the demands of creditors of the former owners, who disappeared along with the phony customers and the profits they had shown in their fictitious account books. They had committed no offense sufficient to drag them back across a state line to face trial. In innumerable cases of the kind, prosecution is difficult and recovery of the investment virtually impossible.

Hand in hand with employment and business swindles go those involving homes. With 1,500,000 married veterans currently in desperate need of living quarters, sharpers have rigged up many traps to catch the unhoused. In Cleveland last November, complaints to the B.B.B. resulted in the arrest of Thomas D. Harris, who for several months had been accepting deposits from prospective home owners in return for his promises and excuses. For a down payment of \$100 to \$1,500, he would promise to complete a well-appointed six-room house "90 days after starting date," which date remained conveniently unspecified. His excuses for delay in building included bad weather, priority trouble and unfair competition, and his original customers were induced to put up more cash to expedite construction, to a total of some \$30,000. Investigators found that none of the projected homes had progressed beyond the discussion stage. Harris, who had a previous police record, was sentenced to a minimum stretch of nine years.

Servicemen are used as sucker bait

THROUGHOUT the war numerous petty frauds extracted a large total take from the families of servicemen. Fly-by-night "clipping bureaus" offered to send news items about servicemen to their families for 25¢ to \$1, and clipped them with items the recipients had already seen in their home-town papers. One of the most common gyps was warned against last year by the police chief of Roselle, N.J. when the town was visited by a scourge of phony C.O.D. deliveries. Packages, presumably containing something ordered by a member of the family in service, were presented at his home collect. One family received a 90¢ pair of service bars in a \$6 C.O.D. parcel. Another got a small Bible, worth less than \$1, for \$5. Again, when news reports told of a soldier whose Bible saved his life by deflecting a bullet, gypsters rushed in with a "bullet-proof" Bible and sold thousands before authorities stopped them. They did most of their business by mail, which is known to the con profession as "shooting 'em on the wing."

Another wartime opportunist who will not soon be forgotten is a former merchant seaman, Francis Gross of Utica, N.Y. In June 1945, Gross pleaded guilty in federal court to having obtained money from relatives of sailors lost at sea by writing that he had their personal effects, which he would forward for a payment. In sentencing him to a year and a day, Judge Henry Goddard said, "This is the meanest, lowest thing that a man could do." It was not, however, at all original in its essentials. One of the oldest of swindles, known to the gyp trade as "selling stiffs," is conducted by hustlers who scan out-of-town newspapers for death notices and address express-collect packages to the deceased, containing a cheap fountain pen or watch, a good-luck charm or the ever-popular swindler's item, a Bible. When the "stiff order" arrives, members of the family accept it as something the addressee wrote for before his death.

The notorious Red Adams, known to Scotland Yard as James A. Currie, was a "stiff" salesman in the higher brackets. He studied London obituary notices and when a rich man died, addressed a letter to him as though he were still alive and engaged in confidential matters of finance with the writer. He had just arrived from the West, he would say, and could report that "our mines in Colorado last season produced £40,000 in free-milling gold. One half the proceeds are yours. We have deferred our claims to give you an opportunity to come out, or send some trustworthy person to look after your interests and record the claim staked out for you." A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

EVERSHARP SCHICK WINS

INJECTOR

ALL EVENTS IN U.S. "SHAVATHON"!

Winners of event after event use new EVERSARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZORS—setting new records for dazzling speed . . . clean, comfortable, no-nick shaves! (On the air Monday nights!)

CLEAN SWEEP! Scene at Eversharp Schick "Shavathon". Four contestants. . . The winner—Eversharp Schick user Richard M. McCluskey in one minute, 12 seconds! Fastest shave with competing razor—two minutes, 25 seconds.



**50% Faster
100% Safer
200% Smoother**

- Automatic repeater blade change . . . Click! Click!—new blade instantly ready to shave you.
- New blade automatically locks into precisely correct shaving-angle . . . feels twice as smooth on your skin.
- Each hair . . . held erect by patented guard bar . . . is cut with maximum closeness.
- Close, no-nick shaving under nose and lower lip twice as easy.
- Double thick blades are 16% sharper—last three times as long.
- Fingers never touch blades . . . no cuts . . . no messing with paper wrappers!
- No time-wasting knock-down or re-assembly of razor.
- Cleans instantly—just rinse, shake, and put away. No cut towels. Can't rust—sanitary.
- Extra Eversharp Schick Injector with 20 blades—75¢.

For just \$1.25 you can take home tonight the world's all-'round finest shaver . . . and tomorrow morning enjoy the sweetest shave you ever had in your life! Today stop by your favorite store and get your . . .

EVERSHARP
SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR
WITH 20 BLADES

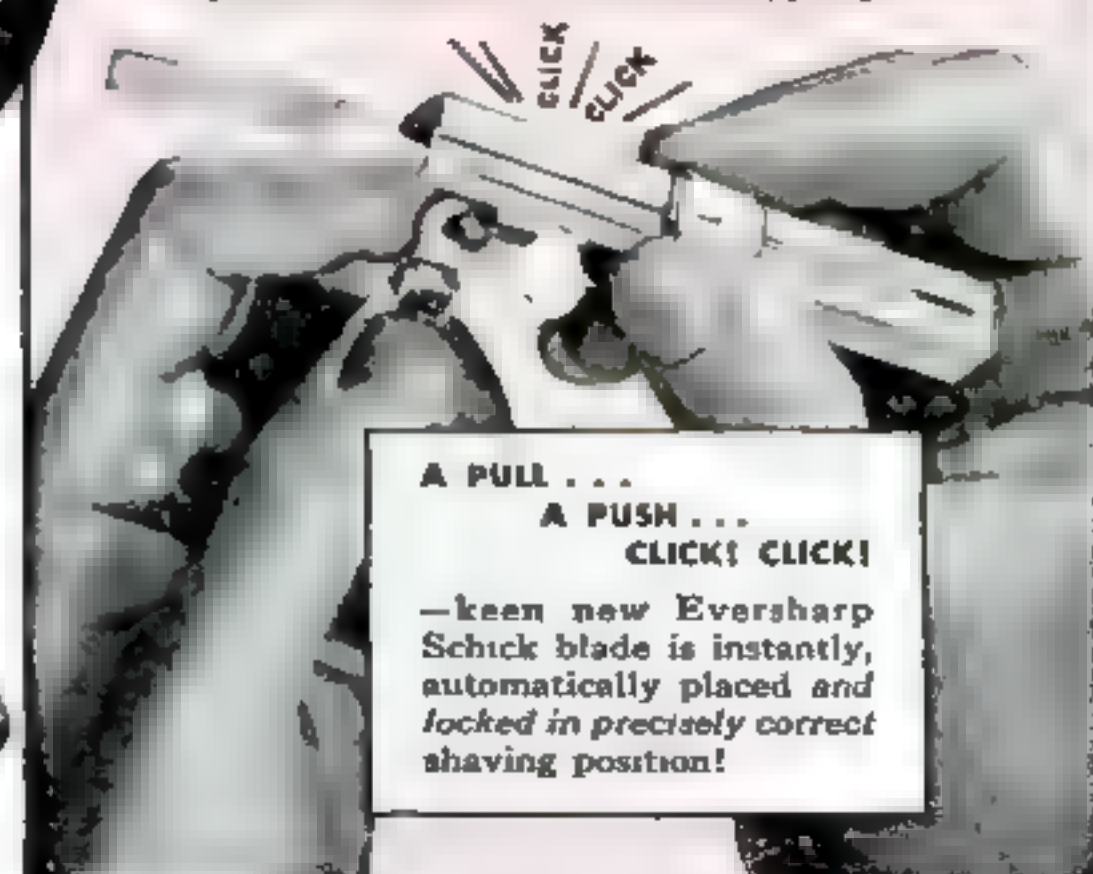
© 1946 Magazine Repeating Razor Co.

RAZOR . . . \$1.00
20 BLADES75
TOTAL \$1.75

SPECIAL
\$1.25



**MAGIC
NEW-BLADE "REPEATER"**



A PULL . . .
A PUSH . . .
CLICK! CLICK!

—keen new Eversharp Schick blade is instantly, automatically placed and locked in precisely correct shaving position!

KAY KYSER

The ol' professor of
"The College of
Musical Knowledge"



"Can you
answer me these?"

asks **KAY**

"Are you a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to your neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as you like, too?"

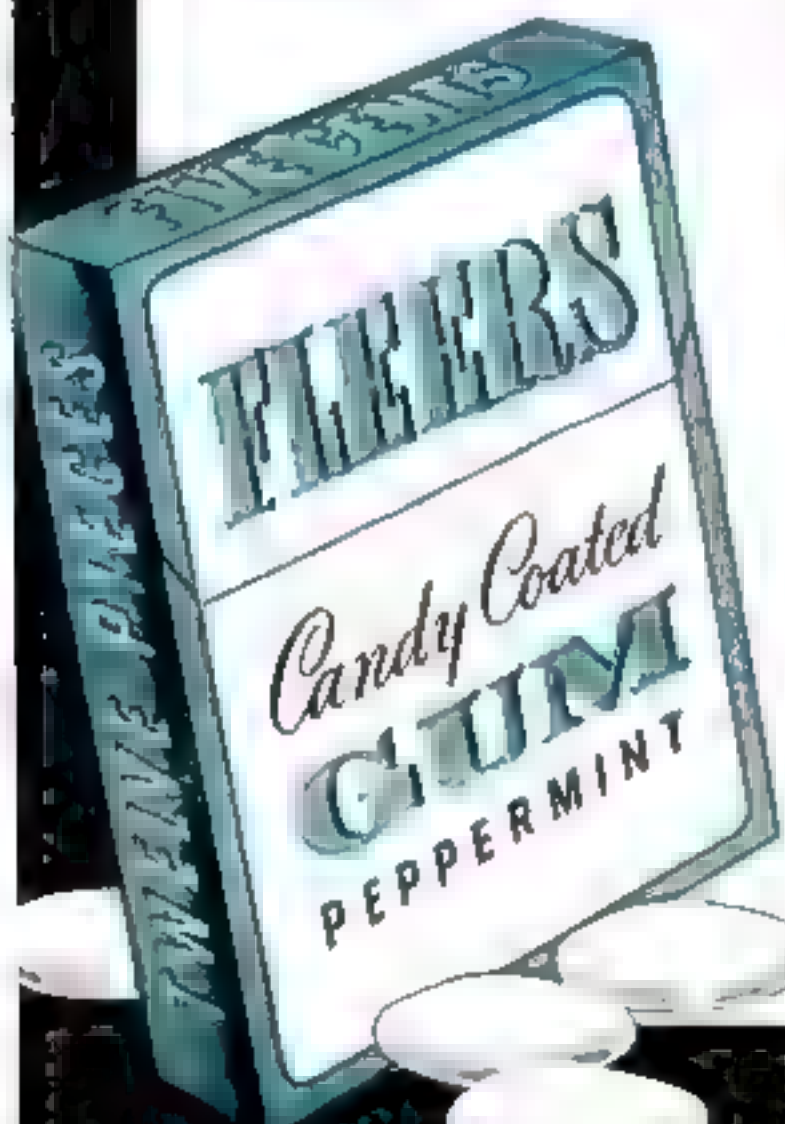
"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans... and of other nations, too."



Kay's little quiz is one of a series of messages presented by Fler's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

There's a trend to candy-coated gum these days, and Fler's is top o' the trend. It's so fresh and attractive, so refreshing and delicious. Three bite-size fleerlets in the handiest package. Try flavorful Fler's today!

Frank H. Fler Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa.
19101-19105



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

CONFIDENCE GAMES CONTINUED

surprising number of relatives of the deceased, obeying Adams' injunction to keep the matter secret, sent an emissary to New York. The emissary was met by a man playing the role of a Westerner, who explained that the writer of the letter, an old friend of the deceased, had been called to Colorado. Pending his return, the British visitor was lavishly entertained and impressed with the importance of his American hosts. Then a telegram arrived: "SYNDICATE GOT WIND OF OUR DISCOVERY. ENDEAVORING TO BUY ADJOINING LAND. OUR OPTION EXPIRES IN THREE DAYS. SHORT 5,000 POUNDS. SEND SAME TO COMPLETE PURCHASE." Often the Englishmen was high-pressured into raising the money and allowing the Westerner to go over the hill with it—often enough so that Red Adams was said to have made a score of £200,000 on the game in his lifetime.

Two New York psychiatrists, Dr. Sylvan Keiser and Dr. Walter Bromberg, have made a five-year study of expert swindlers. The basic psychological principle in confidence games, says the doctors' report, is to impair the critical faculties of the victim by stimulating his fantasies and offering an outlet for wishes he knows to be illicit, under the influence of the swindler's "fascinating personality." The swindlers studied by Drs. Keiser and Bromberg were found to be well-groomed men of the world, superficially cultured and often affecting an air of social eminence. Many went in for "stylish" clothes, had foppish manners and gave an intimation of effeminacy. Others wore the garb of the sporting world. All were found to be intelligent, suave, glib and companionable. The swindlers commonly showed deviation in their sexual life, suffered from reduced libido, were unmarried by choice and led nomadic lives. Probing more deeply, the psychiatrists found their subjects to have "moral perversion without intellectual disturbance," and to be "fantastic liars without an inner ethical sense."

The counterfeit con game

THE swindler often deliberately builds up the illusion that he is the sought-after party to the transaction. He is aware that the victim may have an intuitive perception of the con man's basic inferiority and makes use of this awareness in a form of psychological approach akin to seduction. The best way to take someone, the con man figures, is to let your victim have the impression that he is taking you. Master bunko artists are brilliant actors who sometimes also utilize principles of hypnotism. In the "switch game," based on a device which supposedly manufactures undetectable counterfeit bills, but actually is a simple bit of magical machinery which takes in one genuine bill and turns out two or three, the con man bemuses his subject by making him watch a monotonous operation for hours on end.

The "money-making machine," as venerable a dodge as the original gold brick itself, continues to exact its tribute from the optimistic. In January 1945, Joseph Esposito of New York was booked as a fugitive from Rhode Island justice. Joseph Tutalo, a grocer of Providence, accused Esposito of posing as a doctor and offering "out of friendship" to triple his investment by inserting bills and blank paper into a pressing device and producing \$100 bills. Tutalo said he had handed over \$15,000 to Esposito and a second man and had received in return a package containing a single \$100 bill bound on top of a packet of plain paper. A usual step in the switch game is to allow the victim to take a couple of the first "counterfeits" miraculously produced by the machine to a bank, where they are accepted without question, since they are genuine notes which the con man risks in the process of preparing his pigeon for the plucking.

The consummate artist of gypcraft will spend weeks or months in preparation for a single swindle which may or may not come off. He spends freely to give himself an air of easy wealth and to entertain a prospect until the chump feels indebted to him. His investment of time, ingenuity and money fails often enough to suggest that in the long run his genuine talent and energy might win greater rewards in legitimate enterprise.

One of the most famous of U.S. bunko artists is William Elmer Mead, "the Christian Kid." Mead was born in 1873, orphaned at 2 and adopted by a farmer and his wife who gave him a strict moral upbringing which he was never able to put entirely behind him. He never swore, drank or chewed tobacco, he frequently went to church of his own volition and he donated enough to a national religious organization to be a life member. Between swindles, he took hunting and fishing trips for months at a time.

A typical operation of Mead's proceeded on the classic pattern, with timely alterations. When World War I brought a big demand for horses, Mead sent scouts through the ranch country, offering

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

MARK HELLINGER
presents

Ernest Hemingway's

THE

KILLERS



NO ESCAPE...
from this kind of love!
NO RETREAT...
from this kind of danger!



Directed by
ROBERT SIODMAK
of "The Spiral Staircase" fame

with **BURT LANCASTER**
A sensation in his first screen role

AVA GARDNER EDMOND O'BRIEN ALBERT DEKKER SAM LEVENE

Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER • From the story by ERNEST HEMINGWAY • Produced by MARK HELLINGER

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Under Vine Since 1849

CONFIDENCE GAMES CONTINUED

higher rates than other buyers. They never bought a horse, but they frequently found a wealthy widow, took her to lunch in a Cheyenne hotel and sat her down "by accident" on Elmer's magic wallet. Together they found it crammed with \$100 bills, checks for huge amounts and letters from the Treasurer of the U.S. beginning, "My dear Professor." Then Mead came on the scene in the character of a distraught professorial type in search of a valuable lost object.

"Is this your wallet?" asked one of the mock horse buyers. Indeed it was, the professor replied, and how could he ever repay them? Mead developed his expensive answer in a series of luncheons and dinners with the widow and his accomplices. They had seen the letters in his wallet from the Treasurer, he assumed, and he must reward them not only for finding the wallet but for the discretion he trusted they would preserve about the matter hinted at in the letters. He would show his "confidence" in them, a device which, in one form or another, disarms the sucker and gives con games their name. Well, the President and the Treasurer of the U.S., he explained, had nothing to live on but their salaries, and the cost of maintaining their position in Washington was high. Everyone knew, he went on, that orders from the President and Treasurer were obeyed without question by all departments of the government. When the two executives needed extra money, the professor said, they simply ordered the U.S. Printing Office to run off a batch of \$100 bills for them. They could not afford to risk suspicion by spending crisp new money all the time, so they had called upon their old and trusted friend, the professor, to help them out. It was his mission to select worthy citizens to buy the new bills at 50¢ on the dollar, thus spreading them around the country and providing the President and Treasurer with mellowed currency for their personal use. The way the professor put it, it would be nothing less than patriotic for the widow and the "horse buyers" each to accept \$100,000 worth of the bills at a special discount. The widow got hers in Denver, which for many years was known as the "big store," the best of a string of "good confidence towns" in which swindlers could buy political protection. She brought \$35,000 in good, shop-worn money and handed it over to the professor for a package purported to contain \$100,000 in new C-notes. When she opened the package in the privacy the professor insisted upon, she found it filled with neat "boodle" packages of newspaper. By then Mead was off on another prolonged fishing trip.



"THE CHRISTIAN KID" was the nickname of William Mead, who went to church all during his 40 years of swindling. He was arrested in Omaha in 1936.

Kodak



Kodak Vigilant Six-20 — *now on the way* ...a lot of Kodak for the money

KODAK VIGILANT has been equipped to make the finest of pictures easier than ever. Highly capable lens and shutter combinations. Both waist-level and eye-level finders. You shoot from just the right angle, get in what you want, keep out what you don't. Ten-point support erects and holds lens and shutter with exceptional precision. The body shutter release helps you snap your picture without jiggling your camera. Pictures

are nice and big... the popular $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ size.

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—a favorite everywhere



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pocket size,
3 second loading

KODAK BANTAM (f/4.5)—
handles with delightful ease



KODAK MONITOR SIX-20
(f/4.5) famous folding
Kodak at its finest



**KODAK 35 (f/3.5 with
range finder)** built to
highest precision standards



JIFFY KODAK SIX-20,
Series II—simplest
folding camera

You've a great photographic future, with these cameras now on their way. Consult your dealer.

You don't stay first
unless you're best



Something you'd want to miss! Suppose you wheeled around a curve when suddenly, ahead of your car, you saw sticking up out of the pavement a row of solidly-embedded, 3-inch-high steel knobs—like the ones pictured here. Would you make sure you missed them?

You're darn right you would!

You'd feel that no tire ever built could be expected to withstand such a series of terrific impacts! You wouldn't want any tire of yours to hit even *one* of those knobs! But look . . .

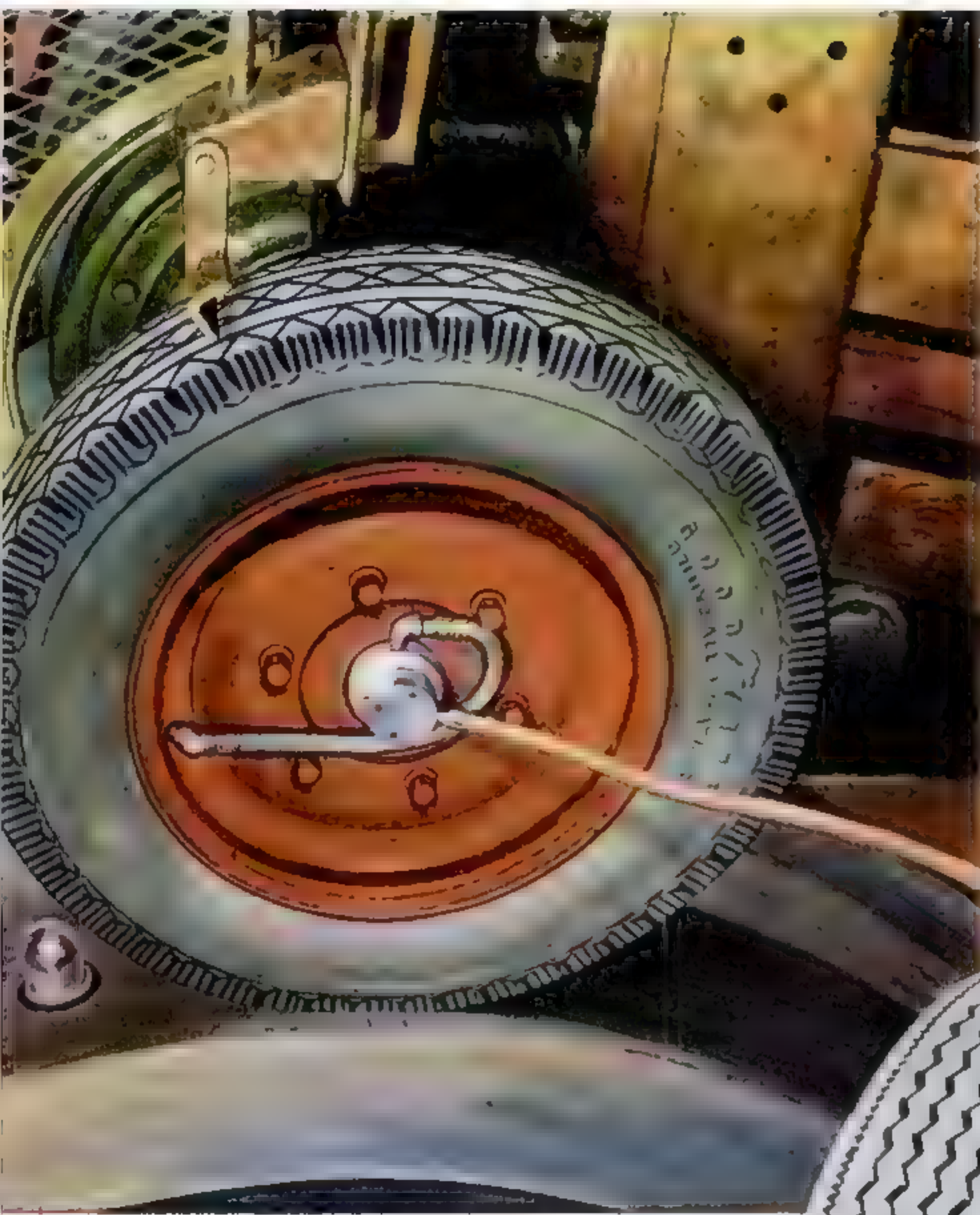


Here's a Goodyear tire such impacts—in rapid

How? Like this: The knob is fixed to a drum speed. The tire is held a pressure equal to the Every time the steel dents the tire almost such blows do not bru

First—every year for 31 years

GOOD 



making more than 3000
cession!

inch-high solid steel
that revolves at high
against this drum with
of a fully-loaded car.
job comes around, it
the rim—but 3000
or break that tough

Goodyear tire! Lesser tires fail—but not the
Goodyear!

Here's another proof of the extra strength
and toughness, the extra mileage and safety
of today's Goodyear tires.

Added proof, if it were needed, that today's
Goodyear is the finest tire built. No wonder, in
1946, Goodyear holds its place for the 31st
consecutive year as America's first-choice tire!



**More people ride on
Goodyear tires than
on any other kind**

Two versions of the world's finest tire:
De Luxe Rib Tread
De Luxe All-Weather Tread



GOODYEAR

*"Havin' a heat wave holds no terrors
for me! My formula's to slip into something
fresh and cool, hop in a hammock and*

"fresh up" with Seven-Up
YOU LIKE IT..IT LIKES YOU



That gal's got something there! It takes more than cool clothing and the breeze of a swaying hammock to look and feel fresh and cheerful. Spirits need a "fresh up," too! So, when thirst and Ol' Man Heat start robbing you of smiles give yourself a break. "Fresh up" with chilled 7-Up! You'll find that each fresh, clean-tasting sip of this lively, friendly drink helps give a lift to wilting spirits. It's almost as though you capture some of the gay, bubbling cheer of 7-Up itself. Ask for a "fresh up" with 7-Up at any place where you see the famous 7-Up signs.



COILED TO STRIKE, WITH RATTLES BUZZING SHRILLY, SNAKE IS READY TO LASH OUT AT APPROACHING TARGET. EXACT MOMENT OF STRIKE IS UNPREDICTABLE

HOW A RATTLESNAKE STRIKES

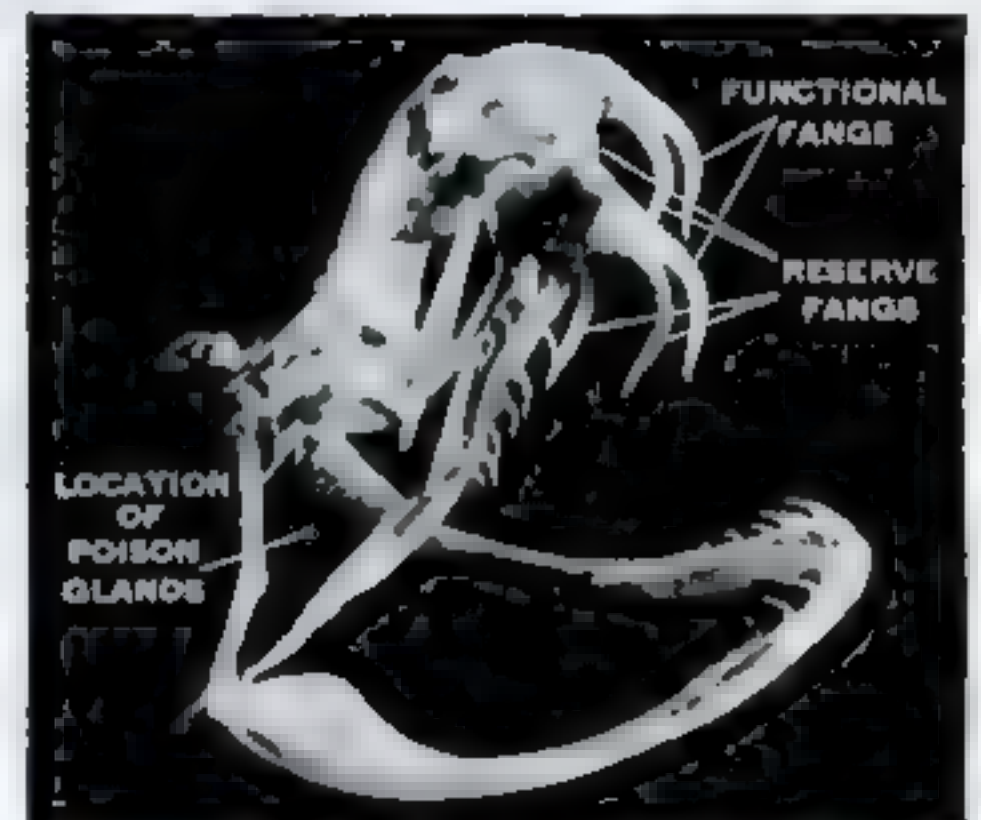
High-speed photographs by Gjon Mili show Texas diamondback in action

A rattlesnake's strike is too fast for the eye to see. To show exactly how the snake strikes, Gjon Mili took these speed-light pictures with the expert assistance of C. F. Kauffeld of New York's Staten Island Zoo.

The rattler shown here is a Texas diamondback, one of the most dangerous of a dangerous family. Striking from its favorite coiled position to a distance up to half its length, the snake opens its

mouth so far that forward vision is cut off. The hollow fangs, curving out and down, are driven into the victim; the venom is injected through them as through a pair of hypodermic needles.

Rattlesnakes belong to the pit-viper family, so named because of small pits between eyes and nostrils so sensitive to heat that snakes equipped with them can locate and strike a warm animal or object even in complete darkness (see next page).



RATTLER'S SKULL shows the reserve fangs which move up and replace functional fangs every few weeks.

STRIKING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AT THE OFFENDING OBJECT, RATTLER OPENS JAWS WIDE, FORMING AN ALMOST STRAIGHT LINE. HOODED FANGS POINT FORWARD



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Refreshing as
a mountain breeze -
this "mountain distilled" rum
from Puerto Rico



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Ron MERITO

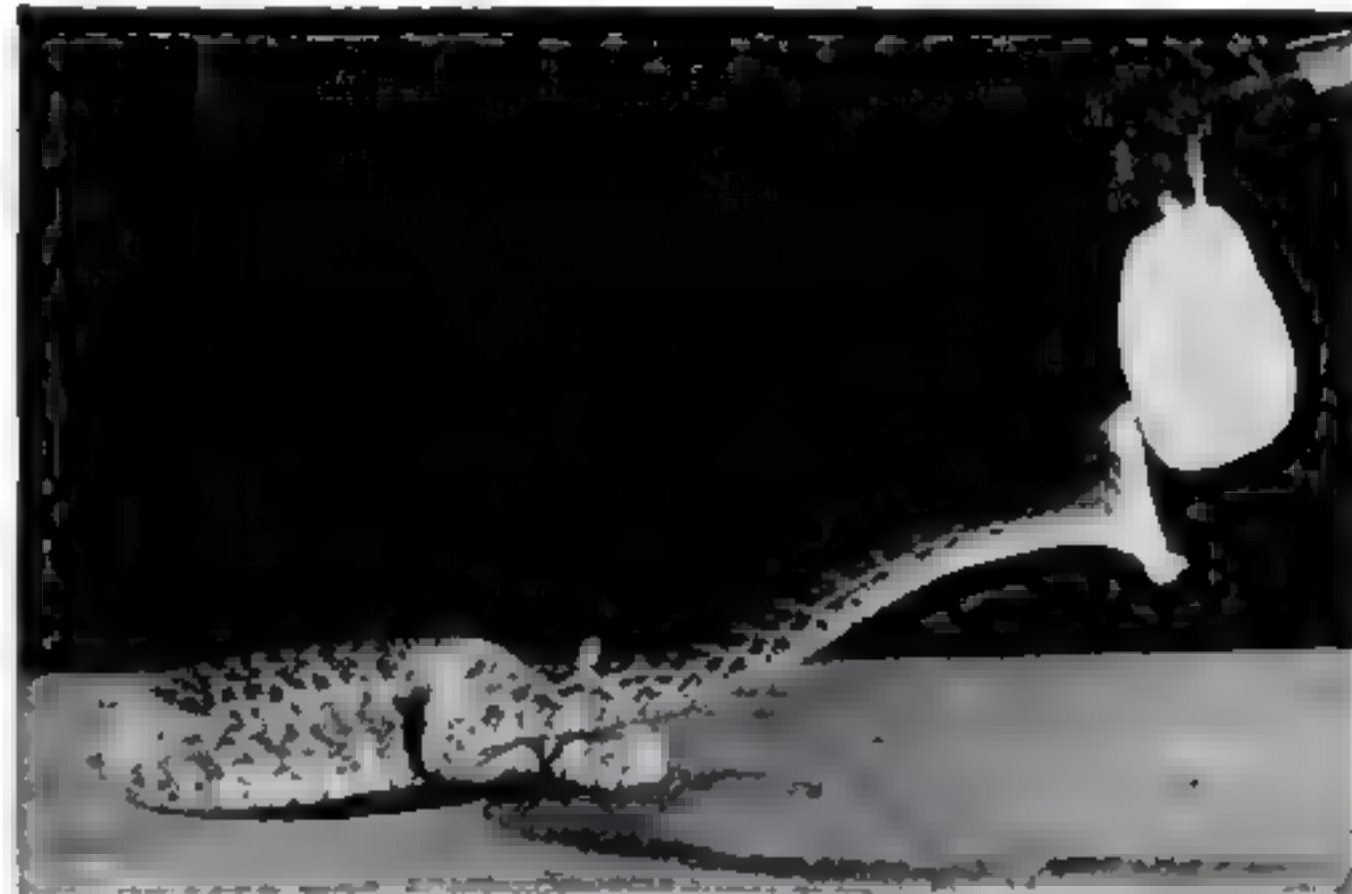
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Rattlesnake CONTINUED



SNAKE HITS TARGET. The tooth-lined lower jaw catches on rubber covering of frame. Forward speed carries the head over, buries fangs in far side.



HEATED TARGET draws accurate strike. Rattlesnake can get good bearing on warm-blooded animals by means of heat-sensitive pits back of nostrils.



RATTLESNAKE MISSES, closes jaws. Caught almost at the top of a high strike, most of its body is off the ground. The snake cannot jump forward in striking.



FANGS AND VENOM are shown by Kauffeld. Rattler has full voluntary control over the flow of poison, can also swing fangs outward or back at will.

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First in every major sport!

Wright & Ditson
Championship
APPROVED U.S.L.T.
ALL WOOL COVER

ALL WOOL COVER
SPALDING
CHAMPIONSHIP
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It's Spalding or Wright & Ditson in the BIG tournaments. The Spalding-made Wright & Ditson is the *only* official ball used in the National Championships (60 straight years) and used exclusively, too, in all Davis Cup matches played in the U. S. They're the *Twins of Championship Tennis!*

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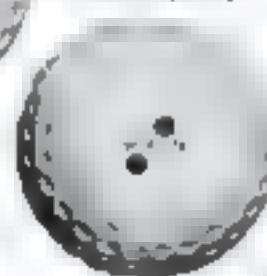
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Most of the nation's leading pros and amateurs play a Spalding ball. Most of the big Championships have been won with Spalding golf balls. Choose the one that fits your game.



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The Spalding base ball is the *only* official ball in the National League (for 70 years!). The Spalding-made "Reacht" is the *only* official ball in the American League (for 46 years!). Both are used exclusively in All-Star and World's Series games. They're the *Twins of the Majors!*

SPALDING



SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS



AS "THE DRUNK," Peter Lind Hayes tells a woman at bar that he saw *Lost Weekend*. "It made me swear off," he says. "I'll never see another motion picture as long as I live!" When woman calls him the "drunkiest bum I have ever seen," he retorts, "Well, you're the ugliest woman I've ever seen. But tomorrow I'll be sober." Another bar-

fly accuses the drunk of flirting with his wife. "I was not flirting!" cries drunk. "I have a wife of my own. I want you to meet her!" Failing to see her beside him, he looks down at floor, says, "Roll over, Reba, so the man can see your face!" Waiting for his drink which never comes because the bartender is purposely stalling, buck-toothed

drunk hums, "I'll never smile again." suddenly shouts, "Buddy, move over with that pipe! What're you sneaking anyway... old winking frinks?" Growing ill, he roars, "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! Doesn't anybody smoke in here?" Bartender tries to give him Brandy-Seltzer, but drunk indignantly refuses. "I can't stand the noise!"



PUNCHY CALLAHAN tells story of first bout with Murderin' Murk.



"FIRST ROUND he broke my nose, smashed my eyes. What a monster!"



"HE HIT MY HEAD and broke my laces. Manager said, 'Avoid 'im!'"



PUNCHY'S EXIT after sad story is wistful, reminiscent of Chaplin.

PETER LIND HAYES

Newest comedy star wrings laughs from sadness

A few weeks ago, a young man with a crew haircut, large eyes and an apologetic air wandered out on the floor of the Copacabana nightclub in New York and began his impersonations. Five minutes later nightclub comedy had reached its highest level in years. Only five months out of the Army, Peter Lind Hayes had suddenly become the biggest hit in New York since Danny Kaye. Hayes, who toured with a four-line role in *Winged Victory* and later visited Pacific battlefronts with a variety show, brought with him fresh material that he wrote overseas.



HAYES IS SHY, HANDSOME AND 31

He also brought an artistry that comes only with experience. This is not surprising. At 31, Hayes has had 15 years of barnstorming, mostly with his mother, Grace Hayes, a veteran vaudeville singer and dancer. Not only did young Hayes appear in vaudeville with his mother, but he also was introduced to nightclub entertaining in a nightclub she owned in Hollywood. There, from actual observation of such noxious but amusing characters as *The Drunk* (photo at left), Hayes began to store up the material he now is drawing on for his comedy routines. Hayes's comedy, like Charlie Chaplin's, is sadly and shrewdly human. When he does *The Drunk*, a composite picture of all the drunks he has ever seen, or *Punchy Callahan* (above), which is based on a punch-befuddled fighter whom he and his Army buddies once met in Central Park, his audiences roar with a laughter that often reaches the brink of tears.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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TO THE **B.D.C.***

Men who move in the Best Dressed Circle go CITY CLUB! Fine supple leathers say "quality." Tailored smartness says: "Here's a man who takes the ladder of success in his stride."

Many styles feature the famous Luxury Tred Construction, exclusive with CITY CLUB. All styles give you exceptional value and downright comfort—moderately priced because of quantity production. CITY CLUB is produced by Peters, division of International Shoe Company, world's largest shoemakers. Step out in the Best Dressed Circle with CITY CLUB...confident, comfortable, correct!

\$6.85 to \$9.85

Some Styles Higher
...also THE CLASTON Shoe



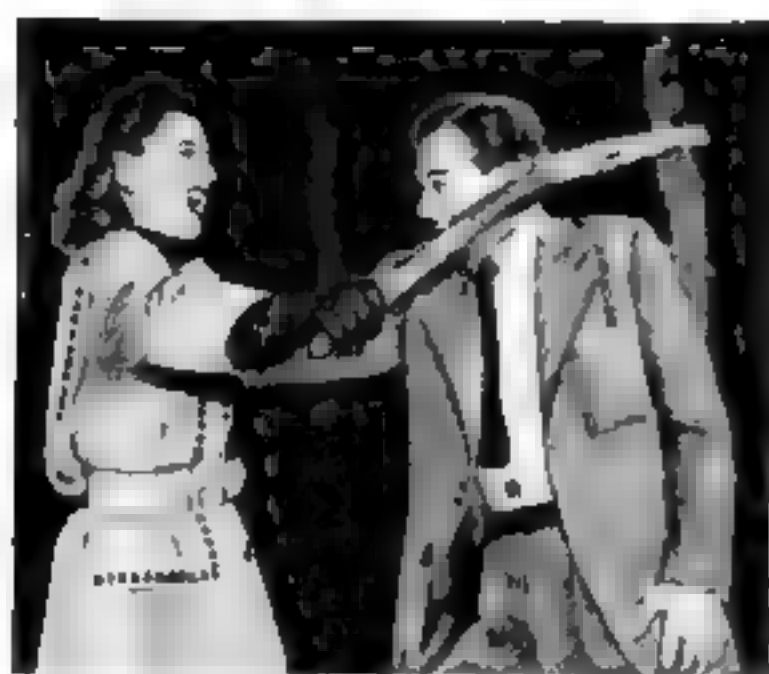
City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

Ask your shoe dealer or write

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

a lust for violence



and desperate greed



*fought for possession in
Martha Ivers's strange mind*



*Barbara Stanwyck
Van Heflin
Elizabeth Scott*

in HAL WALLIS' production

*"The Strange Love of
Martha Ivers"*
(whisper her name)

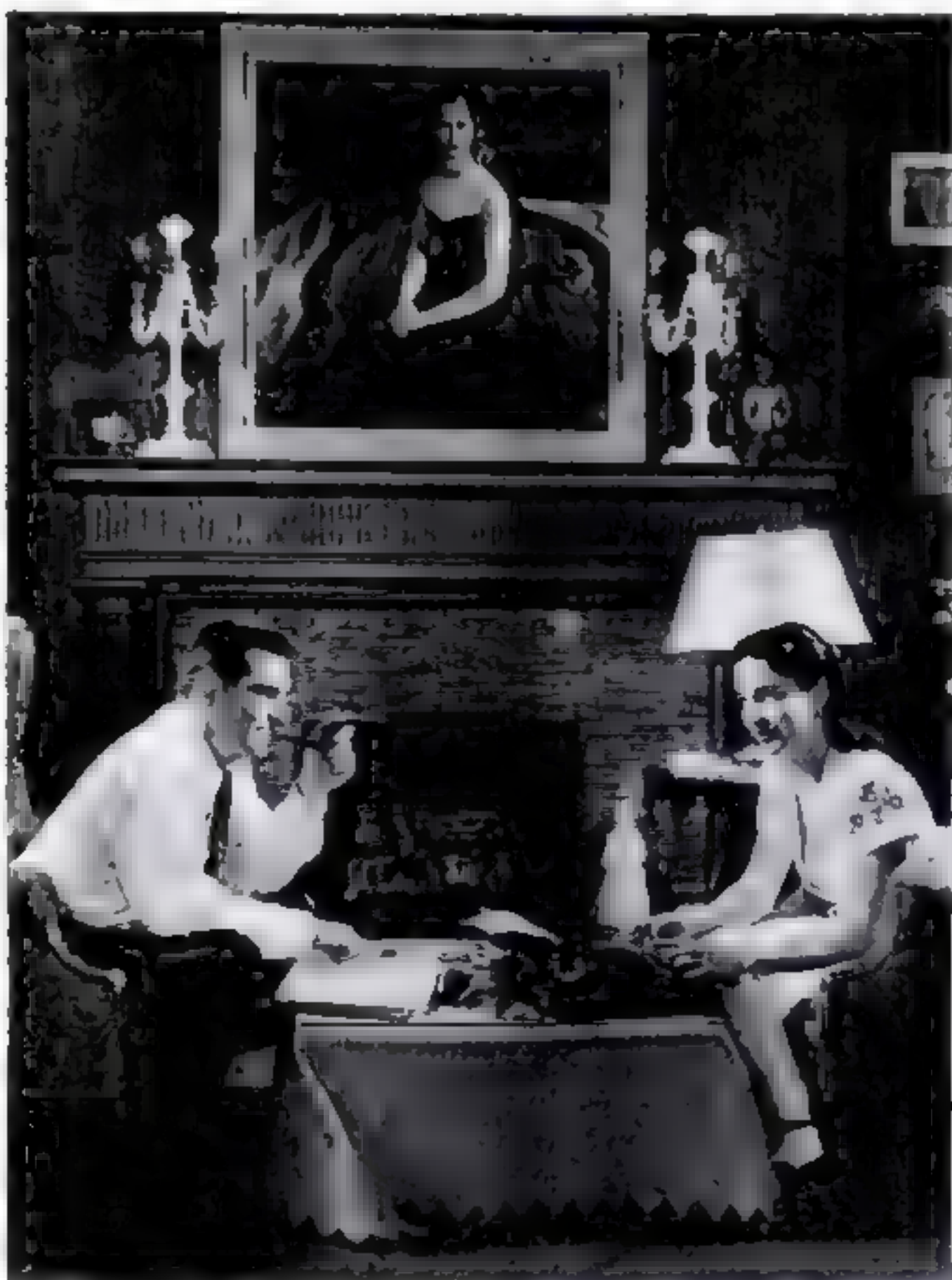
with Kirk Douglas • A Paramount Picture



AS SASHA SASHA in Russian cafe of Westbrook Peglereski, Hayes sobs as he sings satire on *Red Army Song*.

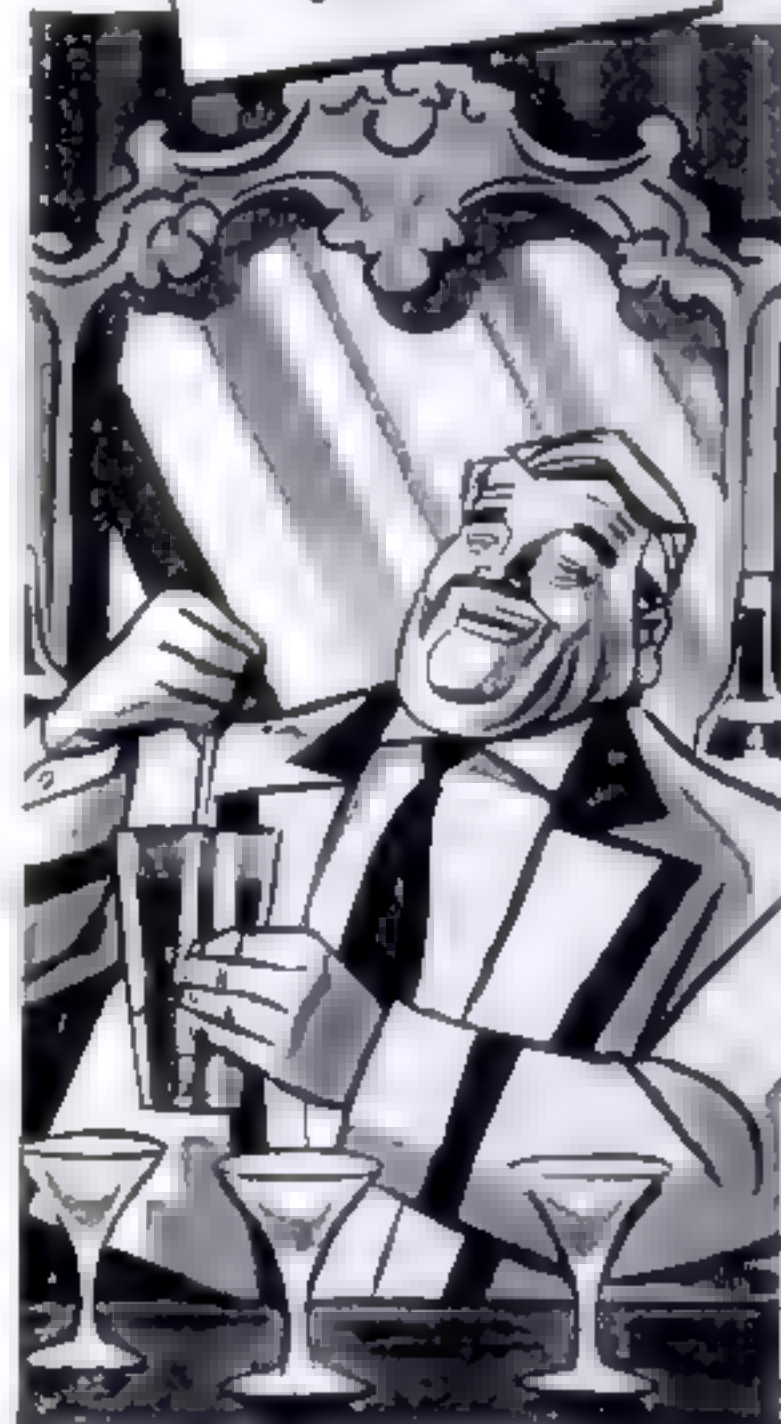


AS BARRYMORE, Hayes hables quotations from *Hamlet*, punctuates by belching, elegantly picks his teeth.



AT HOME in apartment on New York's West Side, Hayes works out comedy routines with his wife, Mary Healy, who was the singing star of the musical, *Around the World*. They were married in 1940. The portrait is of Mrs. Hayes.

How to give a
DRY MARTINI
Perfect Flavor



ASK THE MEN who mix 'em at fine bars. They can tell you two important things about a Dry Martini. First, the quality of the vermouth is just as important as the quality of the gin. Second, for uniform high quality, always use famous imported Martini & Rossi Vermouth.

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

**THIS
"EVEREADY"
"MINI-MAX"
HEARING-AID
BATTERY
SAVES MONEY
EVERY HOUR!**

**IN RADIOS,
"EVEREADY"
"MINI-MAX"
BATTERIES
LAST LONGER,
HAVE EXTRA
POWER!**

THE MAN on the left is wearing one of the new-type hearing aids. Such ultra-compact units, now being produced by many manufacturers, have been made possible by Eveready "B" batteries smaller than a box of safety matches. "Eveready" hearing-aid batteries cost less per hour to operate than any others of equal size.

"PERSONAL" RADIOS, such as the camera-size portable illustrated above, first became possible in 1940 when an extremely compact 67½-volt "Eveready" battery was introduced. Post-war models are smaller still...and postwar "Eveready" batteries now make possible 100-pocket radios little larger than a cigarette case!

AMAZING "POCKET POWERHOUSES"

outlast other batteries — give you exciting new products!



DOWN ON THE FARM, away from power lines, radios now need no longer be heavy and cumbersome, thanks to the "Eveready" Farm Radio Pack No. 758! This pack permits manufacturers to design farm radios light enough to be carried from parlor to kitchen to barn—yet without sacrifice of battery-life or economy of operation. It's also the modern, lightweight battery unit for most older farm radios using "A-B" Packs.

THE HEART of every hearing aid or battery-powered radio is the "B" battery—the source of its power.

That's why "Eveready" "Mini-Max" "B" batteries—which, because of their radically different construction, pack more power into a given space than any other battery you can buy—are so important.

For new or old hearing aids or radios, you'll want "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name.

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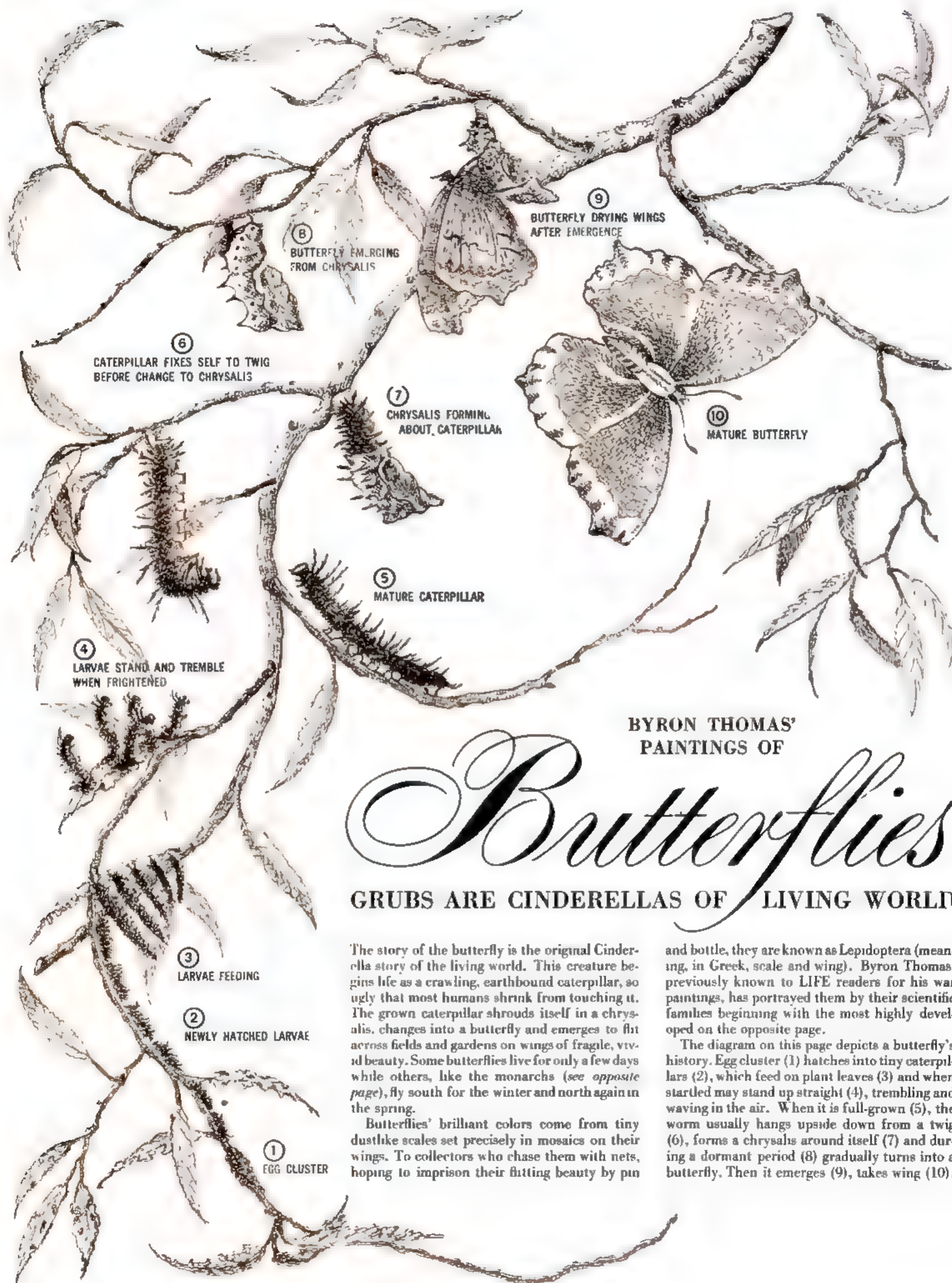


The trademarks Eveready and Mini-Max distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.



(Left) The famous "Eveready" battery No. 467 for camera-size portable radios gives more hours of service than any other battery of equal size. (Right) The tiny 15-volt "Eveready" Hearing-Aid battery—less than 1½ inches high. This is one of the developments that made possible the new lightweight single-unit hearing aids.

For all types of hearing aids, "Eveready" batteries give you the most economical power—save you money.



BYRON THOMAS'
PAINTINGS OF

Butterflies

GRUBS ARE CINDERELLAS OF LIVING WORLD

The story of the butterfly is the original Cinderella story of the living world. This creature begins life as a crawling, earthbound caterpillar, so ugly that most humans shrink from touching it. The grown caterpillar shrouds itself in a chrysalis, changes into a butterfly and emerges to flit across fields and gardens on wings of fragile, vivid beauty. Some butterflies live for only a few days while others, like the monarchs (see opposite page), fly south for the winter and north again in the spring.

Butterflies' brilliant colors come from tiny dustlike scales set precisely in mosaics on their wings. To collectors who chase them with nets, hoping to imprison their fitting beauty by pin

and bottle, they are known as Lepidoptera (meaning, in Greek, scale and wing). Byron Thomas, previously known to LIFE readers for his war paintings, has portrayed them by their scientific families beginning with the most highly developed on the opposite page.

The diagram on this page depicts a butterfly's history. Egg cluster (1) hatches into tiny caterpillars (2), which feed on plant leaves (3) and when startled may stand up straight (4), trembling and waving in the air. When it is full-grown (5), the worm usually hangs upside down from a twig (6), forms a chrysalis around itself (7) and during a dormant period (8) gradually turns into a butterfly. Then it emerges (9), takes wing (10).



Brush-footed Butterflies

Three of the butterflies shown above, *Danaus plexippus* (monarch), *Danaus berenice* (queen) and *Heliconius charithonius* (zebra butterfly), taste so bitter from the rank weeds which nourished them as caterpillars that no bird will voluntarily eat them. The monarch is a great migrator

and often appears in huge swarms in late summer, clinging by the thousands to trees and bushes. *Argynnis diana* and *Argynnis idalia*, or silverspots, both belong to a group called fritillaries, very numerous in America and characterized by lovely silver spots on the undersides of their wings





Libythea bachmani

Thecla favonius

Cercyonis alope

Chrysophanus thoas

Eumaeus atala

Apodemia mormo

Thecla halesus

Lycena polyphemus

Lycena sonorensis

Lycena pseudargyrea

Libythea bachmani

Snouts, Lycaenas and Others

The snouts, of whom *Libythea bachmani* is a good example, differ from other butterflies in having long, beaklike mouth parts. Wood nymphs such as *Cercyonis alope* are found sitting quietly in shady places. *Thecla favonius* and *Thecla halesus* are hairstreaks, small with bright spots of

color on them. The *Lycenae* are also small usually with bluish wings. *Lycena pseudargyrea* is one of the first northern butterflies seen in spring. *Chrysophanus thoas* or bronze copper, is abundant in marshes throughout the U.S. *Apodemia mormo* is rare, *Eumaeus atala* even more so.



Swallowtails and Sulphurs

The yellow-and-black butterfly pinned to the top of the collector's stretching board above is a swallowtail, *Papilio daucus*, one of the largest and most beautiful butterflies in the U. S. *Papilio marcolus* and *Papilio phoenor* are also swallowtails. *Pieris rapae*, or cabbage butterfly,

is seen in farming country in enormous numbers, together with the less attractive *Coccyzus erythema*, or alfalfa butterfly, and *Colias dryas phileas*, or great sulphur. *Zerene eurycle*, or California dogface, is a Western variety whose wing pattern looks vaguely like a dog's head in profile.





Eudamus albolasciatus



Astraptes fulgerator

Phocides batellana

Calpodus ehlis

Megathymus yuccae

Skippers

These butterflies have heavy, muscular bodies and a darting flight which gives them the name of skippers. They are the most primitive in structure of all the butterflies shown in the article. They are found largely in hot climates, although specimens closely related to *Eudamus al-*

bolasciatus (shown above) occasionally reach New York. *Calpodus ehlis* is one of the commonest butterflies in the South. *Phocides batellana* and *Astraptes fulgerator* are subtropical species which occasionally wander to Florida. *Megathymus yuccae* lives where the yucca plant thrives.



Ice Cream for Everybody AND INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS ARE ON THE JOB!

A BILLION gallons of delicious, healthful ice cream—twice as much as ever before—that's the ice cream industry's goal.

"Make mine vanilla!"—Yes, about half the new total will be America's favorite. About 170,000,000 gallons will be chocolate. An estimated 140,000,000 pounds of fruits will be used—including 60,000,000 pounds of strawberries. And about 17,000,000 pounds of nuts.

America's ice cream is produced by more than 6,200 manufacturers—masters of flavor, blending and texture—masters, too, when it comes to delivering the creamy goodness of

their freezers with all the smoothness, flavor and nourishment intact.

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Time in "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday, NBC Network. See newspapers for time and station.

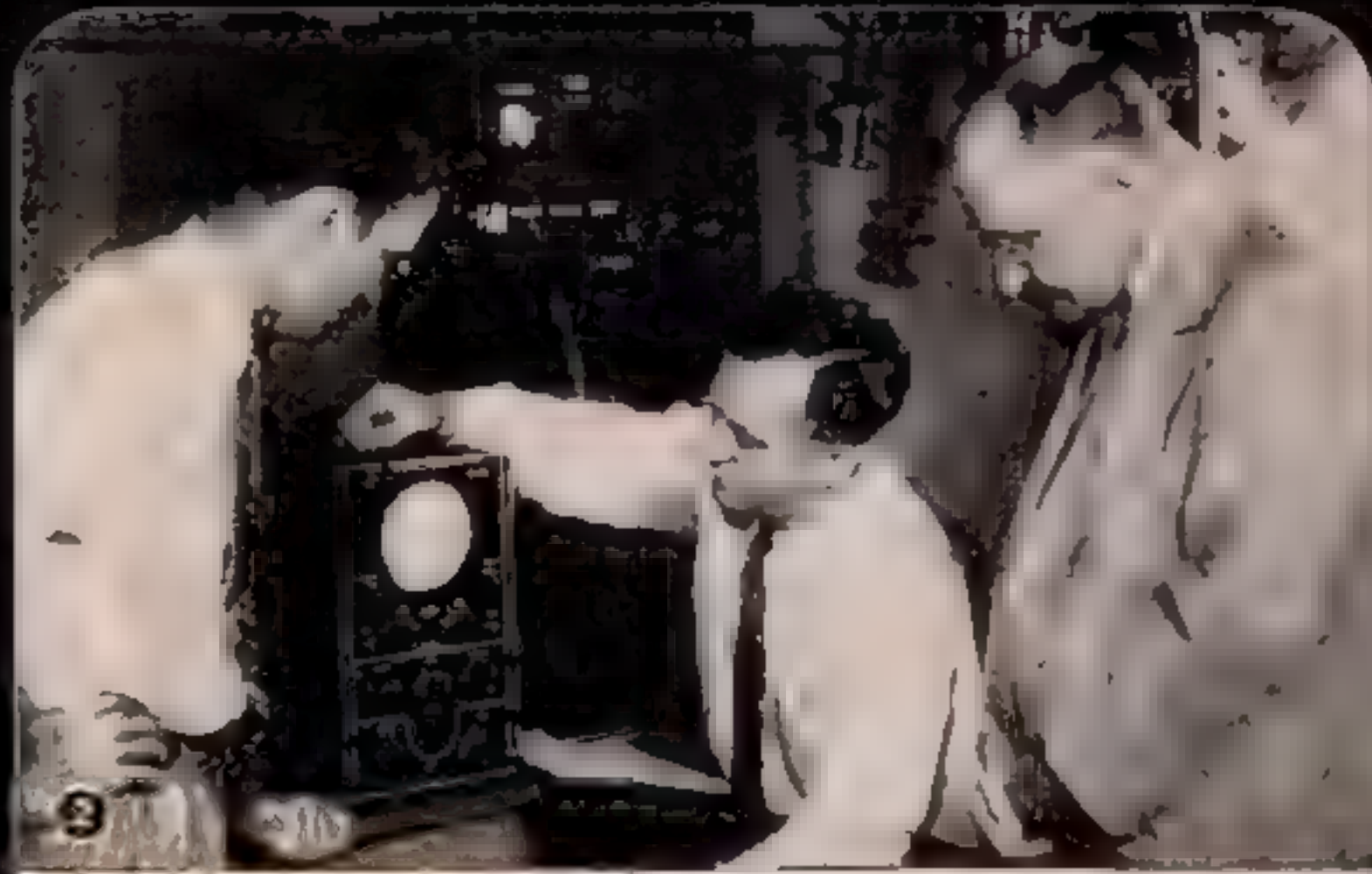
INTERNATIONAL



Trucks



1 IN 1939 theoretical physicists attending a conference at George Washington University hear a report that German physicists believe the uranium atom can be split.



3 IN LABORATORY Dr. Merle Tuve of the Carnegie Institution of Washington (center) verifies the report, learns atom-splitting releases vast amounts of energy.



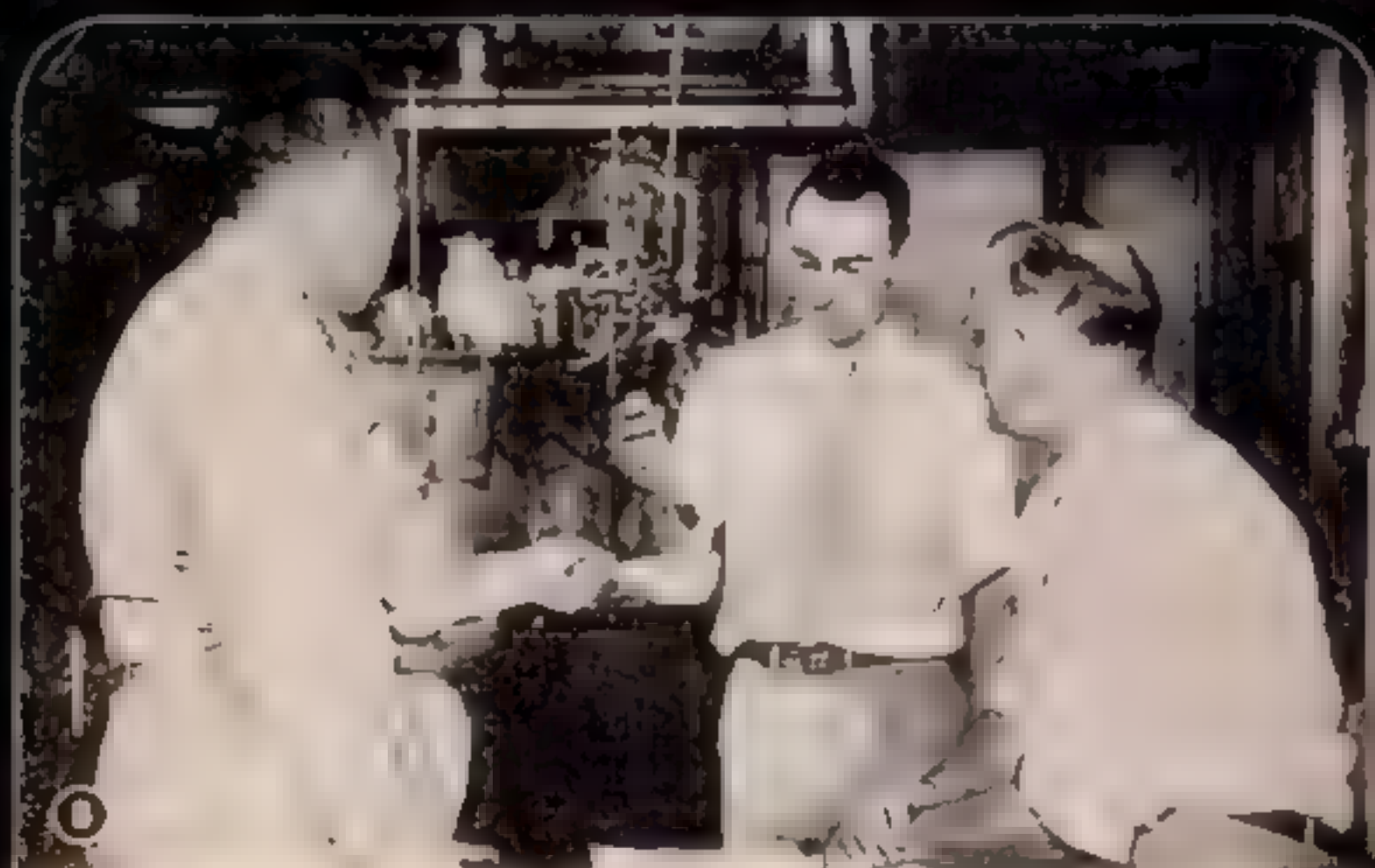
4 DR. E. O. LAWRENCE, among many American scientists, experiments at University of California in hope neutral U.S. will not be unprepared for atomic war.



5 DR. LISE MEITNER interpreted the original discovery of fission. Prewar atom program was under a government committee with a \$6,000 appropriation.



7 DR. ENRICO FERMI (right), Italian refugee working at the University of Chicago, proves a controlled chain reaction may be maintained by splitting atoms of uranium.



8 MAJOR GENERAL LESLIE GROVES (l ft) examines first sample of plutonium, asks technician to hold a cup under it since it cost \$50,000,000 to produce.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Atomic Power

Scientists act for "March of Time"

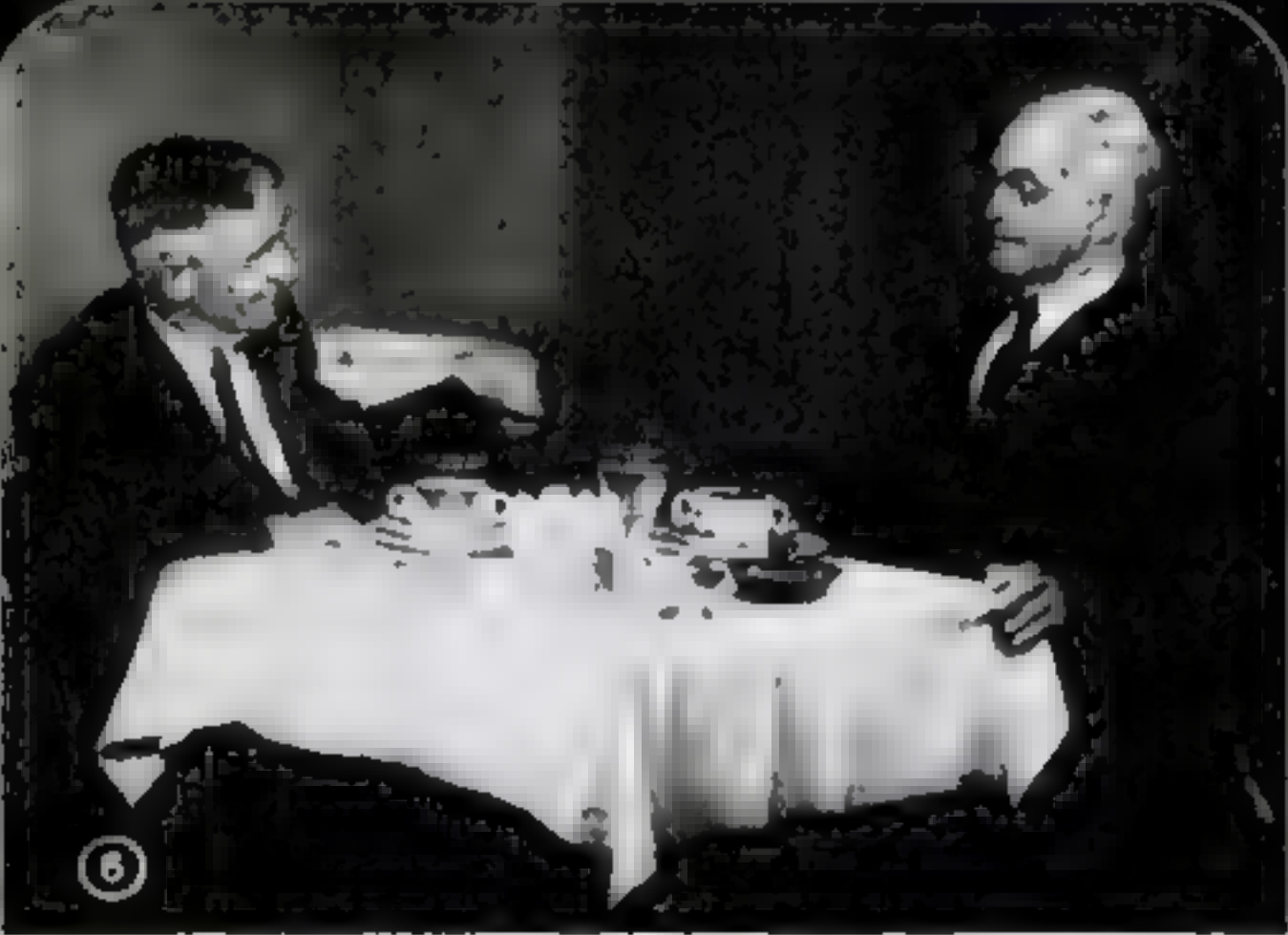
While Hollywood is laboring over a ponderous epic of the atomic bomb, with Hume Cronyn and Moroni Olsen as great men of science, the *March of Time* has scooped them with a remarkable piece of living history. *Atomic Power*, MOT's August release, tells how the bomb was made, but instead of actors, Producer Richard de Rochemont and Associate Producer D. Y. Bradshaw persuaded

the real scientists and directors of the Manhattan Project to re-enact their own parts. In the cast: Albert Einstein, Enrico Fermi, James B. Conant, Vannevar Bush, Major General Leslie R. Groves.

Moviegoers will learn that few atomic scientists are promising actors. Their very ineptitude, however, gives *Atomic Power* its realistic punch. A noteworthy exception: J. R. Oppenheimer, who



ALBERT EINSTEIN is asked by Physicist Leo Szilard to urge U.S. atomic-research backing. Then Einstein wrote famous letter to Roosevelt.



AT A QUIET DINNER in December 1941, Dr. Vannevar Bush (left), Columbia's Dr. George Pegram lay plans for intensified atomic research.



AT LOS ALAMOS Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer (in hat) supervises controls which set off first atomic bomb ever exploded, on July 16, 1945.

takes part in the Los Alamos bomb trial with an intensity suggestive of Humphrey Bogart when the cops are closing in. *March of Time* trailed its actors all over the country, borrowed some from their work, even interrupted Dr. Bush's vacation. Scenes were set up on short notice and the resulting film has its rough edges. But as history it has the kind of impact which might be carried, say, by a re-enactment of the discovery of America with the real Columbus and Queen Isabella as stars.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Don't rob yourself of comfort-in-action!

DOT:

LET'S HOP A TAXI, ANN.
IT'S NO FUN
FOR ME TO WALK ON
DAYS LIKE THIS!

ANN:

WHY PUT UP WITH THAT
MISERY, DOT, WHEN YOU
CAN ENJOY REAL SOFT
COMFORT WITH
MODESS? IT'S SO
SAFE AND DAINTY, TOO!



Walking, working, playing! No matter what you're doing—you can do it in blissful comfort with Modess.

It's soft, soft as a fluffy cloud. And it stays soft—on days you need it most. That's why active girls insist on Modess—for real comfort-in-action!

A boon for your peace of mind too! Modess has a special triple safety shield to insure you against accidents. No fear of telltale outlines, either. It's silhouette proof!

So dainty too! You are sure of your

charm with Modess. Its triple-proved deodorant helps keep you fresh as a daisy!

So—why not enjoy all these extras? Get acquainted with America's luxury sanitary napkin. Get Modess today.



Gums ever bleed
even a tiny bit?

take care—it may mean

GINGIVITIS



4 out of 5

may get this enemy of firm
gums and handsome teeth!

Today every intelligent man,
woman and child should realize how
important firm gums are to healthy,
attractive looking teeth.

At the first sign of your gums
bleeding—GET BUSY! Because tender,
bleeding gums are often some of the
first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum
inflammation which, neglected, often
leads to Pyorrhea with its shrinking
gums and loosening teeth which only
your dentist can help. See him every
3 months. Then do this at home—

To Help Gums Be Firmer—

Teeth Naturally Bright and Sparkling

Massage your gums and brush your
teeth twice daily with Forhan's
Toothpaste—the remarkable formula
of Dr. R. J. Forhan—made especially
for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer
and polishing teeth to their natural
bright lustre and sparkle.

After even the first trial—notice how
refreshed and invigorated your gums
feel—how clean, naturally bright and
sparkling your teeth look. No wonder
Forhan's has been used and recom-
mended by so many Dentists for over
30 years! At drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use
Forhan's
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

"Atomic Power" CONTINUED



AS FIRST BOMB EXPLODES James Bryant Conant, pres-
ident of Harvard, and Vannevar Bush lie prostrate on the ground.



AFTER THE FLASH they turn to see results. Dr. Bush has
run the Office of Scientific Research and Development since 1941.



CONANT AND BUSH (right) shake hands in grim congratu-
lation. This scene was re-enacted in a Cambridge, Mass. garage.



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

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For the 1 man in 7
who shaves daily

★
NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in
7 shave every day—yet daily shaving
often causes razor scrape, irritation.
To help men solve this problem, we
perfected Glider, a rich soothing
cream.

Glider protects your face while you
shave. It enables the razor's sharp
edge to glide over your skin, cutting
whiskers close and clean without scrap-
ing or irritating. It's quick and easy
to use. Needs no brush—not sticky
or greasy.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's.
Or send us your name and address
with ten cents—and we'll mail you a
guest-size tube, enough for three full
weeks. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept.
LG-13, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer
good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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FAST RELIEF from TIRED, HOT FEET



If you're suffering with hot, tired feet,
carry soothing Mennen Skin Balm home
with you tonight. Skin Balm is recom-
mended for pleasant relief by many
chiropractors—foot specialists.

Try it yourself. Experience its wonderful
3-way action. Massage it on ankles, in-
steps, toes, and soles of your aching feet.
(1) They'll feel so cool. (2) As you rub
in Skin Balm, your feet relax. Comfort
returns. (3) This amazing, healing Skin
Balm helps relieve chafed, rubbed spots,
and callouses.

Rub on fragrant Mennen Skin Balm.
Notice how relaxed you feel as the flow-
ing comfort spreads through your feet.
Get Mennen Skin Balm today.



Reminder: Use Skin
Balm every day—see
your chiropractor reg-
ularly.

Only 50¢



FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY
This symbolizes the exclusive new "Golden Throat," the amazing RCA Victor 3-Way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in a booklet attached to every RCA Victor instrument.

56X. SIMPLE, COMPACT DESIGN in walnut plastic. Colorful, straight-line dial. 2-point tone control for clear voice, full-tone music. Built-in aerial and ground. Has the "Golden Throat."

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"Golden Throat!"

• There's more than money-value built into this new RCA Victor table model, the 56X. Here's a name you can depend on—RCA Victor. Here's low price *without* compromise on quality. Here's a compact, modern radio with the same "Golden Throat" tone system that is built into the famous Victrola* radio-phonograph.

Look at the price—then look at what you get: an electro-dynamic speaker, automatic volume control, 2-point tone control, built-in Magic Loop antenna!

And, for "distance" fans, there's the 56X10 in the same good-looking cabinet. With 2 antennas, foreign and domestic broadcast bands, it brings in programs direct from overseas, costs only a little more. See, hear for yourself at your RCA Victor dealer's today!



56X5. THE "12,000-MILER."
 Has foreign and domestic bands, 2 antennas. Wood cabinet. No ground needed. Has the "Golden Throat." **only \$37⁸⁵****



56X2. IN CREAMY, IVORY-FINISH plastic with matching back. For bedside table, kitchen, den, dining or playroom. Has the "Golden Throat." **only \$27³⁰****



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Biscuit
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Get a real lift!

Cooled tomato juice, rich, red, racy - and golden Ritz
crackers crisp and crisp! Perfect partners to beat those
appetite blues! Only Ritz has the zip and tang that teams
up so perfectly with refreshing summertime pick-me-ups.
That's because Ritz is the cracker that won't wilt -
come to it or humidity. A special baking process keeps
all its flavor freshness, even crispness. In it's why you'll
want Ritz - this summer especially. For your time is Ritz
time and when you go to buy crackers, remember -

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ - BUT RITZ!





THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Story of a single scene shows how Maugham's novel is translated into a \$3,000,000 movie

PHOTOGRAPHS for LIFE by RALPH CRANE

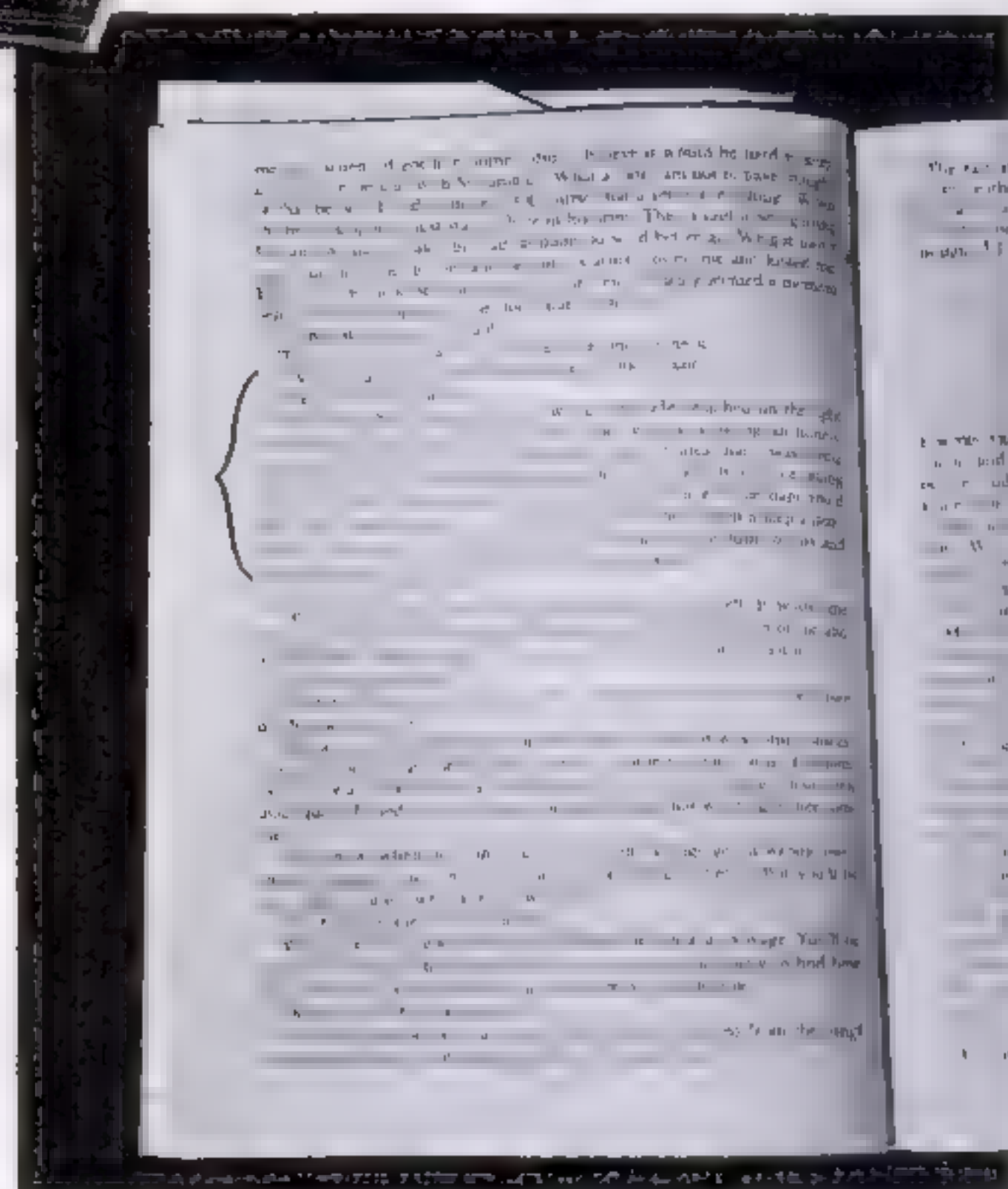
Several years ago the eminent W. Somerset Maugham set himself to writing a novel which, with certain overtones of modern mysticism, told the story of a sensitive and introspective young man who sought and eventually found inner spiritual satisfaction. In time his book, *The Razor's Edge*, became a best-seller and was sold for \$250,000, a high but not uncommon figure, to Darryl F. Zanuck, 20th Century Fox's now-fabulous head of production, whose cinematic five-foot shelf includes such famous novels-turned-movie as *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Anna and the King of Siam*, *How Green Was My Valley* and *Leave Her to Heaven*. But while Mr. Maugham's outlay, save for his time and expenses of travel, was a few dollars for ink and paper, Mr. Zanuck's, in 99 days of shooting just completed, reaches \$3,000,000, involving the labors of some 4,000 people and raising the value of each foot of film (which cost only 4¢ unused) to \$250. To explain the enormously complicated process of making such a movie, LIFE has selected a single sequence which includes the strips of film reproduced on this page. It shows the near-seduction of the hero, Tyrone Power, by the heroine, Gene Tierney. On the following pages Photographer Ralph Crane follows the production of this scene, step by step, from the printed page to the film.



DARRYL ZANUCK is big boss of *The Razor's Edge*. He selects writer and director, hires actors, supervises costs. Zanuck is a human dynamo. His main duty is supervising production at studio, but he also produces some of its most important pictures personally. Salary: \$260,833 a year.



CONTINUED



IN THE BOOK the seduction scene, which does not really culminate in seduction, is described by Heroine Isabel to the author in 10 lines of type.

ITS RAW MATERIALS

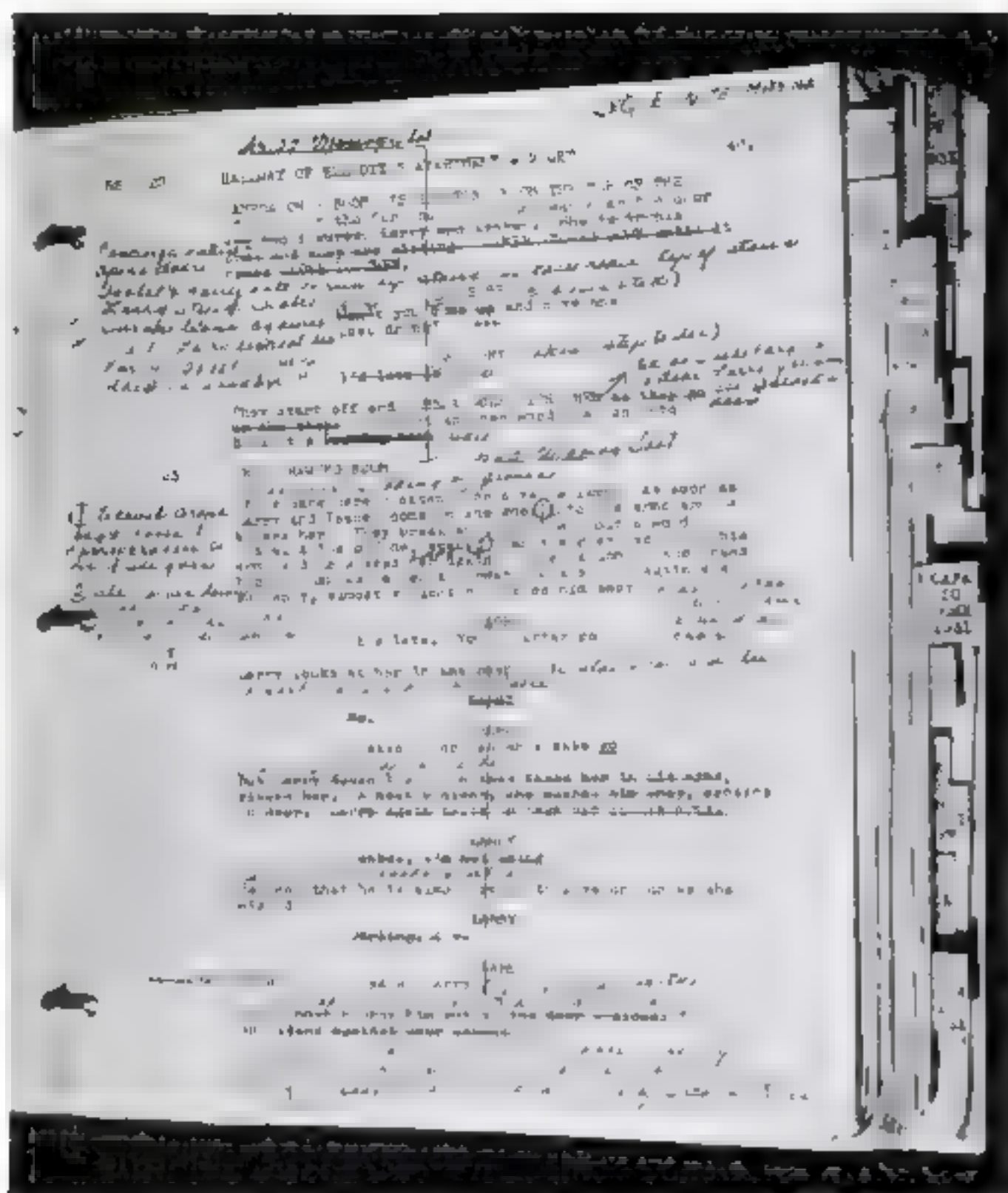
Once Producer Darryl Zanuck (left) had bought *The Razor's Edge* for his studio, the first step was to convert the novel into a screen play. Many screen writers believed that the story of a young man's search for his soul was impossible to adapt to the movies. Lamar Trotti, however, a star writer at 20th Century-Fox (right) and an admirer of Somerset Maugham, believed it could be done and was assigned to the job. With script in progress, Zanuck began selecting actors. Tyrone Power, for his first role after three years as a Marine aviator, was cast as Larry Darrell, with Gene Tierney as leading lady. Behind them Zanuck arrayed a costly group of supporting players, headed by Clifton Webb as Miss Tierney's uncle. Since the novel was written in the first per-



PRINCIPALS for *The Razor's Edge* are (left to right) Frank Latimore, who plays Bob MacDonald, Anne Baxter (Sophie MacDonald), Clifton Webb (Elliott Temple-

ton), Tyrone Power (Larry Darrell), Gene Tierney (Isabel Bradley, later Isabel Maturin), Herbert Marshall (Somerset Maugham), John Payne (Gray Maturin) and Lucille

Watson (Louisa Bradley). Roughly, the plot tells of Isabel's marriage to Gray and her lifelong love for an indifferent Larry. Combined salaries for these players: \$480,000.



IN THE SCRIPT the scene is revised from description to action. Written notations are by the script clerk, who must record all additions and changes.

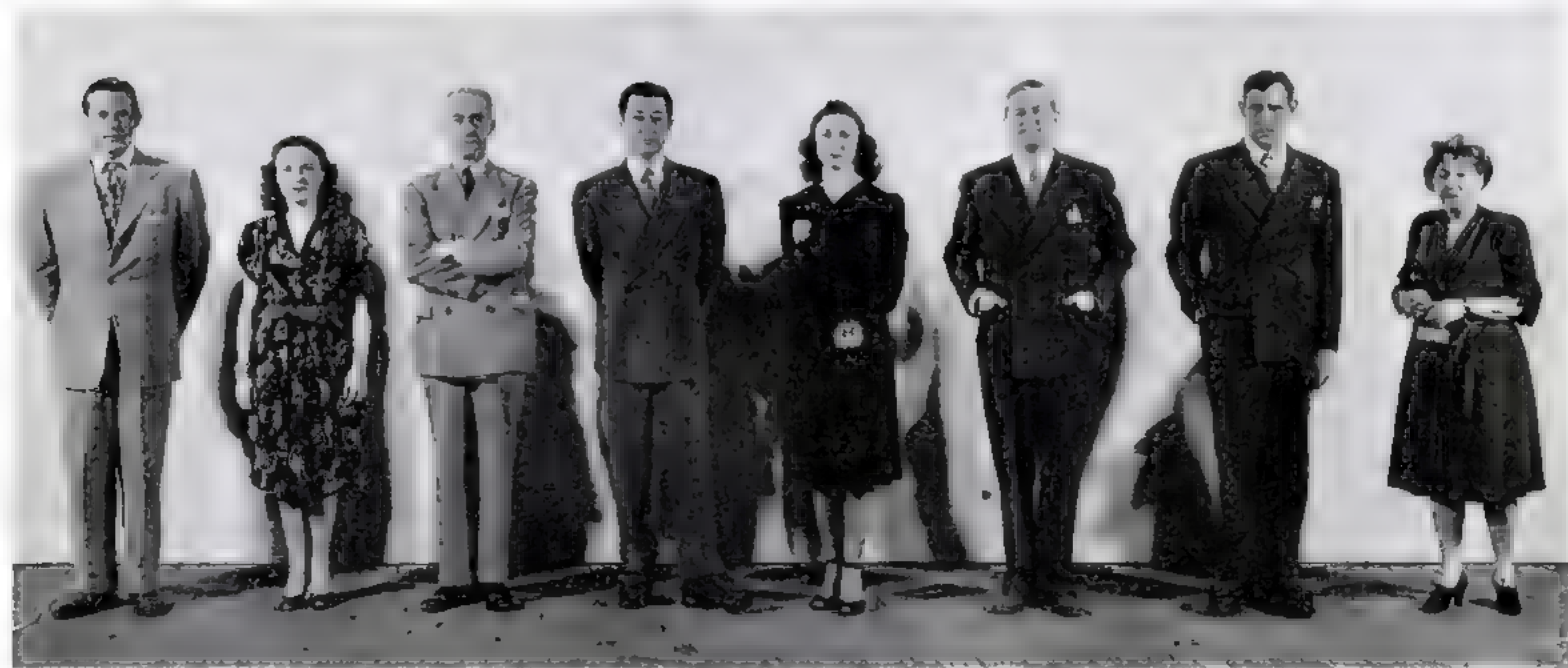
ARE SCRIPT & CAST

son, a character was needed to play Maugham himself. Herbert Marshall was chosen and is called "Maugham" in the picture. Many of the roles required exhaustive tests of actors, particularly the part of Sophie, a nice girl who goes on the skids in Paris, which was won by Anne Baxter over Bonita Granville, Susan Hayward and Annabelle Shaw.

The scene which LIFE covers is shown above as written in the novel by Maugham—10 lines of description—and then (right) as written for the screen—26 lines of dialog—complete with notes for action. Shooting time was three days, for which expenses amounted to \$70,714. The sequence is an important one but will consume only 4 minutes, 25 seconds of the 160-minute running time of *The Razor's Edge*.



LAMAR TROTTI is one of 20th Century-Fox's most competent writers. He wrote these 12 versions of *The Razor's Edge*, but most of them represented only slight changes necessary because two directors worked on film. Trotti wanted to please Maugham and had to please Zanuck.



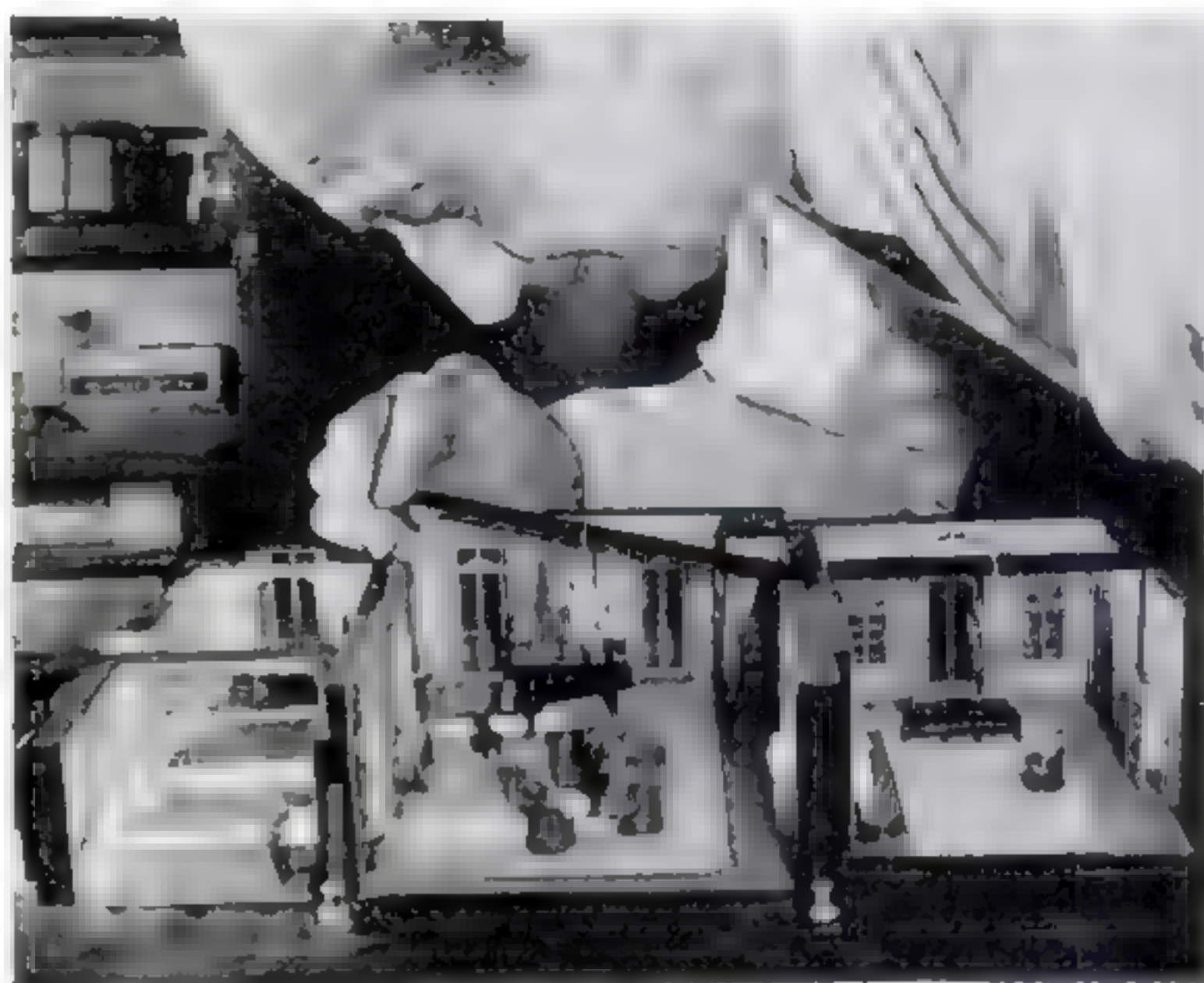
STAND-INS for the principals appear in lineup corresponding to the stars. Left to right: Bob McCord, Betty Adair, Charles Farmer, Thomas Noonan, Kay Adell,

Frank Eldridge, Charles Carroll, Patti O'Byrne. They substitute for stars during the exhausting arrangement of lighting and must be of the same build and complexion.

Many stand-ins are good friends of stars (Thomas Noonan and Tyrone Power were high-school pals), but are paid by studios. Combined salaries for stand-ins: \$6,534.



PRELIMINARY SKETCH shows the elegant Paris drawing room of Elliott Templeton, the heroine's rich and fastidious uncle. This is where the seduction scene takes place.



PRELIMINARY MODEL is constructed to scale as soon as the director has approved plans. Model maker is Al Weidler, father of the young movie actress, Virginia Weidler.



FINAL SET looks like this. The wall panels were copied in plaster from oak panels imported from France. Room is complete except for fourth wall. Total cost: \$34,321.



STAIRCASE for the hall of the apartment was constructed at studio out of wood and plaster, then painted bronze. Here it is being hauled over to the set for installation.



STARS pose for still pictures beside the staircase. Seduction scene occurs after this return from a nightclub.



TREE is moved into place outside the windows by "greenery man." It must be of the sort that grows in Paris.



PROPS are found in Properties Department or hunted in antique shops. Workman carries out a Chinese figure.



SKY-BACKING is carried from a studio storeroom to Stage 5, where the seduction scene is being filmed, by

10 "grips," or studio handymen. It is 100 feet long and, when hung from wall 40 feet behind the set and properly

lighted, it will look like a sky. The cost of this item was not figured into the final construction costs of the set.



STARS DO HOMEWORK. Tyrone Power takes a steam bath after each day's shooting and studies next day's lines. Gene Tierney (below) reports early each morning at the studio to have her hair done, learn her lines then. Except for eyelashes—she uses street make up on the screen.



W. J. MURPHY
The Reporter
Edge

CONTINUED



GOULDING TEACHES Gene Tierney to play a love scene, doing so by playing her part with Tyrone Power. Goulding is an ex-actor and loves to do this.



MUSICAL SCORE IS ANNOTATED TO TIE IN WITH ACTION



STUDIO ORCHESTRA, directed by Alfred Newman, plays the score for the scene. It took four hours, 30 minutes to record. Newman must compose his



TIERNEY COPIES Goulding when she acts. His sets are known for their fun though he is a real slave driver who often comes to work at 6:30 a.m.

DIRECTOR GETS THE SCRIPT ONTO FILM

With script written and set prepared, total responsibility for the scene passes to Director Edmund Goulding (*right*). His primary duty is to perfect the acting of Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney but almost as important is supervision of the cutting. Cutting—actually done by Watson Webb (*lower right*)—involves piecing together the best elements in the many "takes" of the scene to fashion a coherent whole. For this scene, 1,787 feet of film were exposed, of which 397 will appear on the screen. After cutting, Composer Alfred Newman must write appropriate music with high and low points keyed to action on the screen. Only when this is done and joined with voices on the sound track can the elaborate technical process of shooting a scene be considered complete.



EDMUND GOULDING, director of *The Razor's Edge*, likes to shoot a scene in one take by moving the camera rather than piece together close-ups and long shots, as most directors do. This makes things easier for Cutter Watson Webb (*below*) whose job is one of Hollywood's trickiest



music with a stopwatch in hand, so musical themes will dovetail with film. The music for this scene was designed to express the characters' frustration.



SMALL ARMY HELPS SHOOT THE FINAL KISS

In actual production the climactic kiss of the seduction sequence is photographed in the presence of the 51 assorted technicians in the picture at right, plus 30 others who do not appear in the picture. Their functions are listed below. Although the size of this contingent would have staggered an old-time movie maker, it is not unusual by current Hollywood standards. It is due in part to the sheer prodigality of the industry, in part to tremendous feather-bedding by movie unions. But it is also necessary to have many experts standing ready to ply their trades at a moment's notice should anything go wrong on sets whose inflexible overhead, active or idle, is some \$2,000 an hour.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Director Goulding | 26 Greenery Man |
| 2 Gaffer (head electrician) | 27 2nd Assistant Director |
| 3 Photography Director | 28 Special Effects Man |
| 4 Assistant Cameraman | 29 Grip |
| 5 Assistant Cameraman | 30 Sound-Boom Man |
| 6 Camera Operator | 31 Grip |
| 7 Crane Operator | 32 Still Photographer |
| 8 Key (i.e. head) Grip | 33 Assistant Prop Man |
| 9 Best Boy (Assistant Gaffer) | 34 Prop Man |
| 10 Grip | 35 Sound-Cable Man |
| 11 Crane Operator | 36 Assistant Sound Engineer |
| 12 Crane Steerer | 37 Stand-in for Power |
| 13 Dialog Assistant | 38 Stand-in for Tierney |
| 14 2nd Assistant Director | 39 Follow-up Man |
| 15 Fireman | 40 Sound Engineer ("Mixer") |
| 16 Crane Steerer | 41 Electrician |
| 17 Technical Adviser | 42 Electrician |
| 18 Painter | 43 Electrician |
| 19 Script Clerk | 44 Assistant Prop Man |
| 20 Electrician | 45 Make-up Man |
| 21 Grip | 46 Make-up Man |
| 22 Assistant Director | 47 Hairdresser |
| 23 Unit Production Manager | 48 Wardrobe Girl |
| 24 Fixture Man | 49 Wardrobe Man |
| 25 Contact Man | 50 Electrician |
| | 51 Electrician |
| | 52 Hero Power |
| | 53 Heroine Tierney |



ZANUCK SEES RUSHES (rough film without sound) to check daily progress of his \$3,000,000 investment.





51

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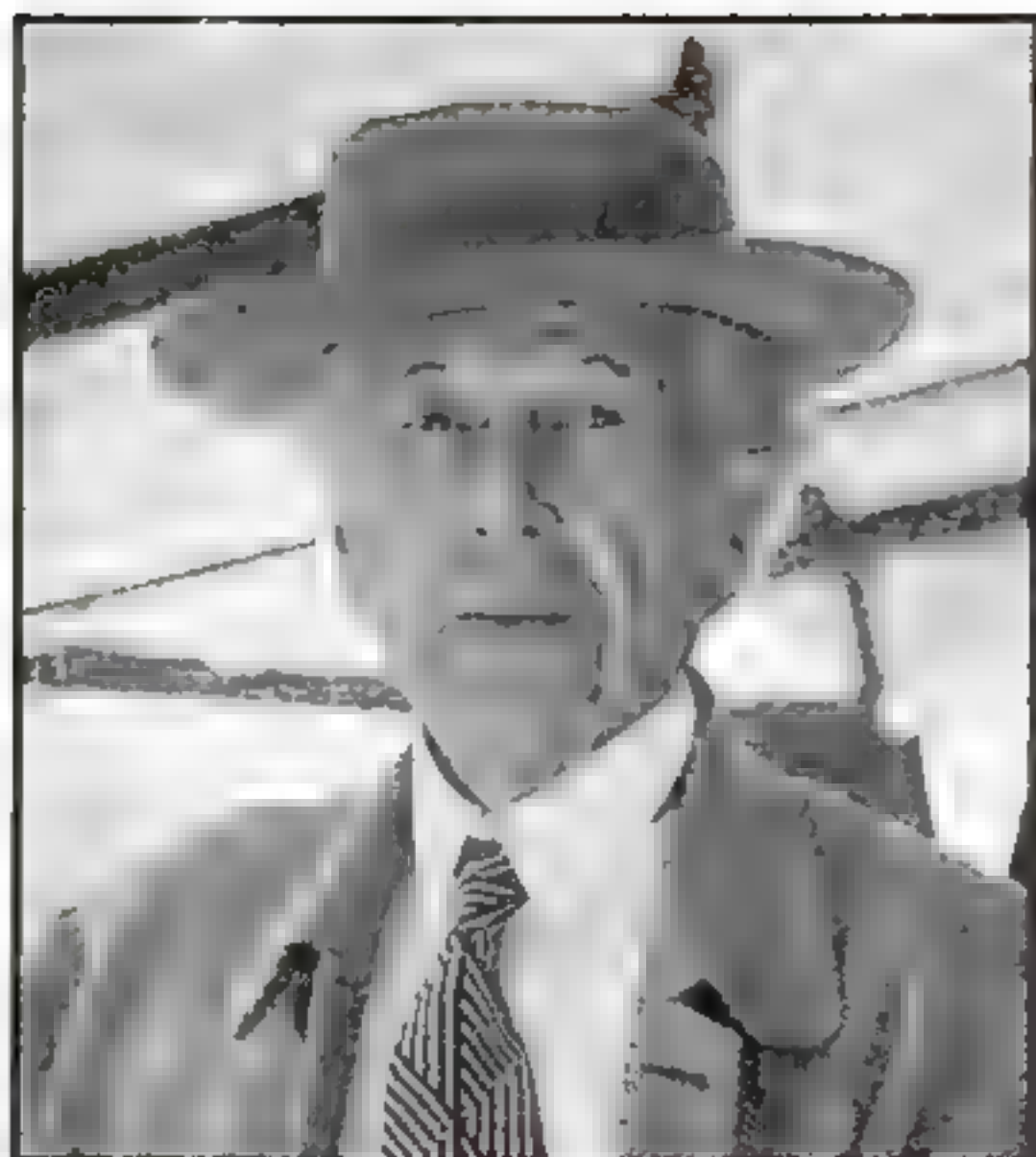
CLOSE-UP



TALIESIN WEST, a huge sprawling oasis in the Arizona desert where Wright spent the winter months, is his idea of an ideal, "natural" house, emphasizing simplicity and space. These pictures, taken for *Fortune*, show (above) a view from the stone terrace off

Wright's bedroom which overlooks the walled garden and (below) a view from the spacious living room toward the garden with its patch of green lawn. The whole side of the living room consists of canvas flaps which open up to make room and garden one.





AFTER 77 FLAMBOYANT YEARS WRIGHT IS HAIR

Frank Lloyd Wright

The titan of modern architecture still flings his houses and his insults at backward colleagues

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

IF... I were suffered to apply the word genius to only one living American," wrote the late Alexander Woolcott some time ago, "I would have to save it up for Frank Lloyd Wright." For a generation the object of this high tribute has been designing the most controversial, and some of the most beautiful, houses in the U.S. He has been surrounded with an aura of fame that has probably not been accorded an architect since Michelangelo. His private life, recorded in lurid headlines, has encompassed a degree of theatricality equaled only in such classical examples of biographical melodrama as Benvenuto Cellini's and Casanova's. The U. S. public has thought of him mainly as a creator of extravagant buildings: the earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, houses suspended over waterfalls, sprawling modernistic structures in which living would appear a strange and not too prudent adventure. Fellow architects have hailed and damned him as everything from a great poet and visionary to an insupportable windbag. The clergy has deplored his morals. Creditors have deplored his financial habits; writers his literary style, wives his infidelities, politicians his opinions.

Riding out a perpetual storm of controversy with a serene egotism that is attained by few men, Frank Lloyd Wright has never doubted Woolcott's verdict. He anticipated it long ago with an even higher tribute to his own abilities. Said he, in a conversation with his friend Elbert Hubbard, "Not only do I intend to be the greatest architect who has yet lived, but the greatest who will ever live. Yes, I intend to be the greatest architect of all time...." The sheer weight of such magnificent self-assurance has been either disarming or irritating critical opinion for years. Wright, a slight, white-haired man with the manners of a potentate and the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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In all America, only AUERBACH'S has SIGNAL PLAID

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My Name as indicated on label

My Address as indicated on label

Auerbach's SALT LAKE CITY

THE SHAVE IS **BETTER** WHEN THE LATHER STAYS **WETTER**

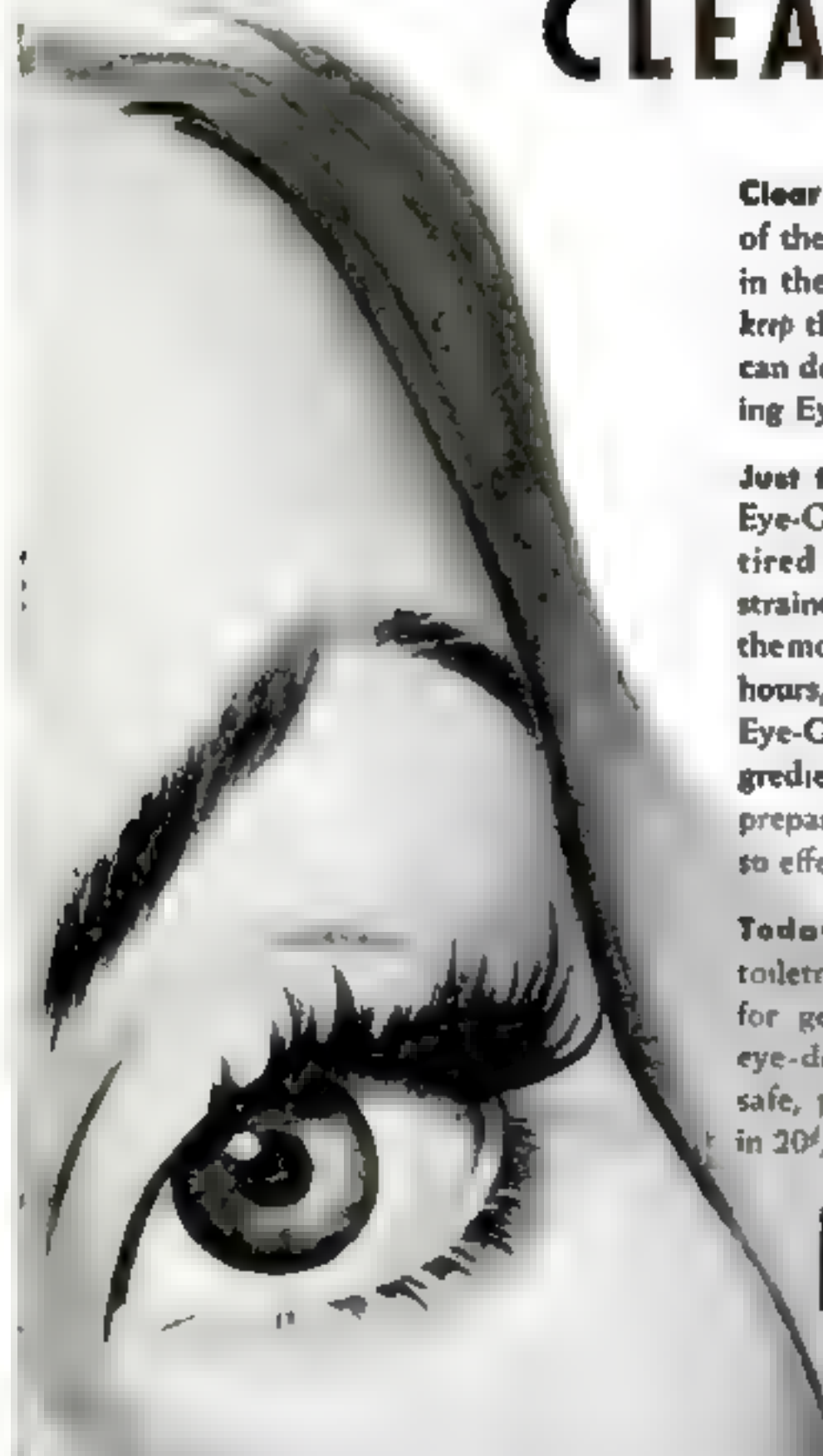


Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather will dry out on your face—give you a shave that stings and burns. What you want is a rich, creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather... the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream... a lather that **STAYS MOIST** and keeps your beard soft and wet the whole shave through.

Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves—even with cold water or a used blade.

*Try Lifebuoy's
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THERE'S **MAGIC** IN **CLEAR EYES**



Clear eyes have a special magic of their own. But there's no magic in the most pleasant, easy way to keep them clear and refreshed. You can do that with delightfully soothing Eye-Gene.

Just two drops of safe, colorless Eye-Gene quickly clears away that tired look when your eyes are strained from close work, sun glare, the movies—from driving—from late hours, over-indulgence or smoke. Eye-Gene contains Lexatol*, an ingredient not found in any other eye preparation, which makes Eye-Gene so effective so quickly!

Today, at your drug store or toiletry counter, remember to ask for gentle Eye-Gene in its handy eye-dropper bottle. Eye-Gene is safe, pleasant, easy-to-use... comes in 20¢, 60¢ and \$1 sizes.

EYE-GENE
eye drops

*Registered trademark

WRIGHT CONTINUED

appearance of a Kentucky colonel, has hurled each new building at the public and the architectural profession like a gauntlet. His latest challenge, the spiral, clinical-looking Guggenheim Art Museum which is soon to be erected on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue (LIFE, Oct. 8, 1945), is already drawing catcalls and astounded murmurs from his colleagues. "It's going to make the Metropolitan (the ponderous old stone quarry) look like a Protestant barn," he promises.

The eminence of Frank Lloyd Wright rests, of course, not on the cyclonic background of arson, murder, arrests, lawsuits, fist fights, stabbings and exuberant paranoia in which he has spent his 77 years, but on his great influence upon the changing scene of contemporary U.S. architecture. The average man (less than 10% of the U.S. population hires architects) seldom gives that scene a thought. He is grateful to have a roof over his head and thinks of a house not as a work of art, but as a place where sensible people can come in out of the rain. But he can no more live without architecture than without food or clothing. And the architecture he lives in—good or bad—exerts a profound influence on his habits, his thinking and even his health and economic well being. His machine-age cities, growing like jungles, have imprisoned him in a rank clutter of antiquated masonry that is not only ugly to look at but unnecessary and inconvenient as well. He pays rent for cornices instead of comfort. He would not willingly drive a 10-year-old car, but he lives cheerfully in an imitation Norman apartment house, sends his children to an imitation Gothic school, does his banking in an imitation Roman bath, goes to church in an imitation Greek temple and patronizes an imitation Moorish movie house. These curious habits have long been looked on by progressive architects as an incredible and expensive masquerade—a ponderous hang-over from the imitative splendor and creative unimaginativeness of 19th Century building. Little by little they are being changed, and a new, neat, sometimes bare and boxlike but efficient and honest architecture is taking the place of the old synthetic mausoleums and chateaux that were the pride of the age of horsecars.

Wright's influence has been indirect, intermittent and oblique. A complete individualist by temperament, he has never been able to ally himself with any group or school. He has followed U.S. architecture as an angry terrier does a nervous cow, nipping at its ankles, barking uproariously at it, worrying it to distraction and just keeping clear of its horns. He has very little use for his fellow architects. He once addressed a solemn gathering of the Indiana Society of Architects by rising, accepting a polite murmur of applause and beginning, "You call yourselves architects? Here I've snorted broadly. 'Gentlemen, you are withering on the vine!' He hates doctrinaire modernism as much as he does doctrinaire conservatism. The skyscraper, popular symbol of American architectural advance, moves him to nothing but scorn. ("Radio City, Last Tower of Babylon, is the crime of all crimes, and there is no excuse for it whatsoever." On the Empire State Building: "Look at the thing! . . . An unethical monstrosity, a robber going tall to rob neighbors.") He sees no future for the American city and very little future, indeed, for anything else that has not been invented by Frank Lloyd Wright.

The 500-odd homes and public buildings that he has designed in his long lifetime have alternately stimulated and scandalized the architectural profession. A pioneer in the use of casement windows, broad slablike lines and simple, undecorated surfaces when these things were almost unheard of in American architecture, he became, in his 40s, a leader to whom all the progressive architects of Europe paid homage. A pioneer in functionalism whose theories he learned at the feet of his master, the revolutionary Chicago architect, Louis Sullivan, Wright has lived to denounce the work of nearly every present-day functionalist. He has written 13 books of eloquent, sometimes windy, Whitmanesque prose that architectural students carry around like bibles. Their contents, provocative, poetic and preposterous by turns, include everything from house designing to morals and utopian politics and read like the rumblings of Old Testament prophecy. Their message, boiled down from masses of bubbling rhetoric, is not so much a system of architectural philosophy as an exhorta-



JOHNSON WAX building's teardrop-shaped columns carry 60 tons each.

tion to the faithful to follow the true path which Frank Lloyd Wright, by his instinct and inspiration, has discerned.

Even his enemies admit that Wright's best work ranks him as one of the greatest artists that contemporary architecture has produced. His earliest houses, built in the 1890s around Chicago and nearby Wisconsin, still possess a simplicity and dignity of style that has outlived acres of fussy, conventional and now old-fashioned-looking home building. His architectural ideas—a preference for spacious, low-slung designs with sweeping eaves and broad, hovering roofs, "married to the ground"; a love of big fireplaces and massive chimneys; a hatred of tacked-on fixtures, radiators and unnecessary partitions; a crusader's fervor for simplicity in ornament and for making building materials like stone and wood preserve their natural beauty undisguised by paint or plaster; an uncompromising insistence that houses be built from the inside out, "organically," their lines designed to express, naturally, the life that goes on within them—all these things and many more Wrightisms have been imitated by countless other modern architects. But Wright's finest houses contain also an indefinable, personal quality that transcends theory and defies imitation. It is found in the lavish sweep of massive slabs of brickwork, in the dramatic way in which low-ceilinged corridors open up into spacious rooms, in the uncanny appropriateness with which Wright houses fit into their natural settings. It is a purely personal expression, like the touch of a master pianist or the diction of a great actor. It causes confirmed Wright clients to love their houses with a devotion most people reserve for their wives and children.

An incurable esthete, Wright approaches his buildings as though they were poems or symphonies instead of mere houses. Some clients have even come to doubt whether it is they who own their symphonic masterpieces or Frank Lloyd Wright. A confirmed enemy of pictures, interior decoration and what he considers inappropriate furniture, Wright can be roused to a towering fury by clients who insist on defacing his masterpieces with the wrong kind of interior appointments. His stature as a great architectural poet has also given him a very lofty view of the problem of roofs that leak. One client, Herbert F. Johnson Jr. of Racine, Wis., was proudly entertaining friends at a dinner in honor of the opening of his brand-new Frank Lloyd Wright house when rain from a leaky roof began spattering in a steady stream on his head. Furious, he called Wright on the telephone, demanding that something be done. Wright was undismayed. "Why don't you move your chair a little bit to one side?" he suggested. As a matter of fact, Wright's own winter home near Phoenix, Ariz. has a truly poetic roof of stretched white canvas that leaks copiously whenever it rains. His unsympathetic rancher neighbors delight in visiting him during rainstorms just to see the great man cower with Olympian dignity in fireplaces and other apertures, keeping out of the wet.

A virtuoso of public building

IF Wright is a poet in his domestic architecture, he is a thundering virtuoso in his public buildings. They have strained all the conventional rules of construction, maddened conservative contractors and building-code authorities and hit the public fancy like bombshells. The publicity value of the famous S. C. Johnson Wax Company administration building in Racine (which attracts hordes of curious tourists) has far outweighed its value purely as a building. Fellow architects have often decried this feature of his work as rank sensationalism. But Wright could easily cite in his defense that publicity has been a legitimate goal of architectural splendor at least since Michelangelo designed St. Peter's in Rome. The fact is that, despite their flaunting of all accepted standards of architectural soundness, Wright's buildings have shown both astonishing practicality and remarkable durability. The Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, built like a vast float riding on a jellylike foundation of mud, has, in fact, survived some of Japan's worst earthquakes and has sustained its only injuries recently under the pounding of American bombs.

The secret of his structural soundness lies in Wright's almost infallible intuitive knowledge of the materials he works with. The famous "dendriform" or "golf-tee" columns that support the Johnson administration building were condemned as unsafe by conservative building authorities until Wright insisted on a public test of their strength. He set one of them up in a field and piled sand on top of it with a steam shovel. When the steam shovel finally stopped loading the column's pancakelike top, even Wright was surprised. It failed to crack even under the incredible weight

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Park Plaza. Hitting the high spots in St. Louis calls for a stop at the beautiful Crystal Terrace. And a stop there with Virginia Lee Mures, Esther R. Sonnek and Bruce Hayward calls for ice-cold Pepsi-Cola. It's an old St. Louis custom.



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Photos by Larry Gordon



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WRIGHT CONTINUED

of 60 tons. Because of the unconventionality of his engineering, Wright has had to submit to hundreds of such tests at the hands of building commissions. But the results have not only attested his soundness as a builder; they have always deliciously proved that everybody was wrong except Frank Lloyd Wright.

Wright's unconventionality has always been frowned upon by official bodies and architectural juries. He was not invited to participate in either the Chicago Exposition of 1933 or the New York World's Fair. He has never been awarded any of the important U.S. architectural medals or prizes. Neither the U.S. government nor the government of his home state of Wisconsin has ever em-



WINDMILL designed for his aunts in Wisconsin caused family feud.

ployed him to design a building. He has never become a member of the American Institute of Architects, some say because the institute is afraid to invite him lest he refuse with a violent public denunciation. Personally, Frank Lloyd Wright is the perfect celebrity. He not only is an extraordinary man; he looks and acts the part. Sporting a Malacca cane, a flowing tie and a cape like Superman's, his white hair blowing in the wind, he resembles a great actor about to launch into a tirade from *King Lear*. He is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, but looks larger. His clothing, which is all made by a Chicago tailor according to his own specifications, ranges from elegant Palm Beach suits to velvet knickers and makes him as conspicuous as a baroque cathedral. When talking about people whose ideas he disagrees with, he has a habit of laughing uproariously as if their unsoundness were as self-evident as that of the prattlings of so many silly children. His conversations are apt to be monologues. He punctuates them with theatrical gestures of his lean hands and humorous flashes of his expressive light-gray eyes.

Behind those eyes lurks a mind that is a curious combination of the ham actor's, the Bohemian poet's, the religious prophet's and the shrewd Yankee individualist's. He talks about the materials of his craft—the earthbound solidity of stone, the spidery tensile strength of steel—with an extravagant feeling for metaphor that makes them seem like the weird pantheist deities of his Welsh ancestors. He pontificates on subjects like freedom and beauty with the windy 19th Century assurance. His favorite authors include Walt Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau and Henry George. His politics are a mixture of intuitive anarchism and old-fashioned American rugged individualism, peppered with violent opinions on such subjects as single tax, social credit and the evils of idle capital. His religion is a mixture of esthetics with a heritage of sturdy Unitarian free thinking which gives him an unquestioning faith in progress and the perfectability of human institutions. Temperamentally he is an incurable progressive, to whom utopias seem hindered only by the unforgivable stupidity of those who disagree with him. He is not only a fervent nationalist, but a fervent Midwesterner—an admirer of Henry Ford, an unreconstructed isolationist, a hater of what he regards as the menace of international banking, an inflexible enemy of the foreignness and financial dominance of New York. He is convinced that architecture is not merely a method of building, but a powerful instrument of social progress capable of bringing about a better world through radical changes in mankind's habits of living.

A less positive man would probably never have survived the thrusts and stresses of Wright's past. Descendant of a long line of Welsh preachers and farmers, Wright was born in the little town of Richland Center, Wis. His father was a restless Baptist (later a Unitarian) minister with a taste for music, his mother a woman of pioneering temperament and indomitable will for whom Wright always retained a close affection. Long before her son was born, Anna Lloyd Jones Wright had decided that he was to be a great architect. Before he was out of his crib, she decorated the walls of his room with oak-framed engravings of English cathedrals, which she had clipped from magazines. She sent him to private school and, as a little boy with long blond curls, he learned to play the piano. She denied him candy, pie, cake, bright colors and doctors, brought him up on a recipe of clean living, high thinking, plain cooking and poetry. Summers, he worked hard on an uncle's Wisconsin farm. When he was in his teens, his father suddenly took his hat off the hatrack and left home. Frank never saw him again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



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Fire raged and roared through the old building. A state hospital for the insane was burning to the ground. Patients, locked in their rooms, were in horrible danger. It made a great newspaper story, but the editor of *The Indianapolis Times* shook his head sadly as he read it.

Butterly he asked, "Must there be a disaster to bring a reform?"

The Times had feared this tragedy. Again and again it had warned of fire hazards in state institutions. Indeed, its campaign had almost succeeded. Even then, the state

legislature was dawdling over a reform bill.

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Your newspaper has given you the straight facts you need to reach a decision. It has exposed the slick propaganda and party line motives of some of those who would share the bomb with potential enemies. It has explained that by keeping the bomb, America at best may buy only an uneasy and temporary security.

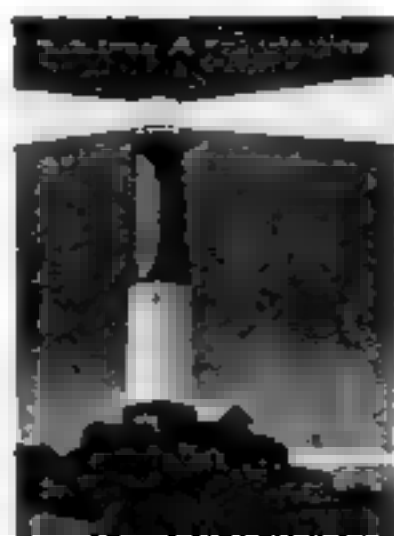
Only Public Opinion is powerful enough to insist that there be no quick and foolish surrender of our mighty weapon. Only Public Opinion can compel America to keep the secret . . . until the rest of the world is willing to agree on *international control* of atomic energy . . . control armed with authority to prevent an atomic war.

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PITTSBURGH	Press	KENTUCKY	Post
SAN FRANCISCO	News		<i>Covington edition, Cincinnati Post</i>
INDIANAPOLIS	Times	KNOXVILLE	News-Sentinel



NEWSPAPERS

DENVER	Rocky Mt. News	EVANSVILLE	Press
BIRMINGHAM	Post	HOUSTON	Press
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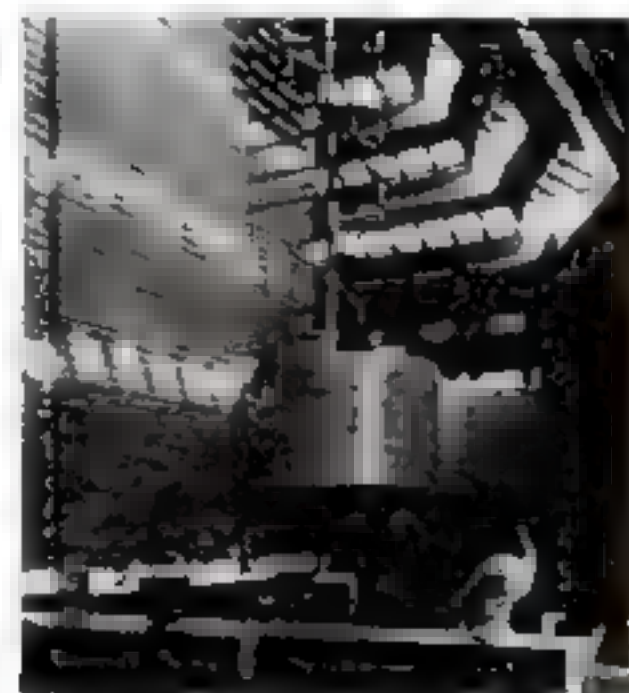


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At the University of Wisconsin, Wright studied engineering, helping to support himself with a \$35-a-month job. As a student, Wright was impatient and unruly. Some time before he was due to graduate, he pawned a calf-bound copy of Plutarch's *Lives* and a mink collar his mother had sewed to his overcoat and left for Chicago, where he eventually got work in the drafting room of the great pioneer of modern architecture, Louis Sullivan. Sullivan, whose architectural masterpiece became the Wainwright Building in St. Louis, was an extraordinary architectural thinker. He originated the slogan "form follows function," which has since become the first commandment of modern functionalism. He was one of the first men to build the simple, slablike office buildings that were the prototype of the modern skyscraper. Fashionable architects of the time considered Sullivan a visionary who was out of step. The fashionable style in architecture, set by the ponderous classical elegance of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, was Roman. Against this trend Louis Sullivan set himself as a lone prophet. He was interested in the new possibilities of structural iron. He had evolved an unorthodox idea that architecture should be constructed from the inside out, expressing the purpose for which it was designed. Sullivan was the only architect to whom Frank Lloyd Wright has ever admitted a debt. He worked in Sullivan's offices for six years. He engaged in herculean brawls with Sullivan's other apprentices who objected to his flowing tie and arty attitudes. One of these nearly ended in tragedy when a fellow apprentice, whom he later beat to insensibility, slashed him in 11 places with an open clasp knife. Eventually Wright even fought with Sullivan, who objected to his doing outside designing on his own, and left to pursue a career as an independent architect.

An inability to endure confinement

WRIGHT married at 21, settled in Oak Park near Chicago, raised six children and soon became known as one of the most gifted, if eccentric, young architects in the Middle West. He built Oak Park's handsome monumental Unity Temple and the monolithic Larkin administration building in Buffalo. His home became a gathering place for visiting celebrities like Elbert Hubbard and Rabindranath Tagore. A passion for luxury and a complete obliviousness to the value of money (which he carried around crumpled like waste paper in his overcoat pocket) kept him in a state of elegant insolvency which became an intermittent but lifelong habit. "God give me the luxuries of life and I will willingly do without the necessities" has always been one of his favorite sayings. His clients became quite accustomed to seeing his building costs outrun his original estimates three and four times over. Frank Lloyd Wright had one dominant trait of character: an absolute inability to endure confinement of any sort. It affected his architecture, his finances, his contracts, his tastes. It finally



WINGSPREAD, Johnson's home, is built to let sunlight in all rooms.

affected his marriage. He had bought and redesigned a magnificent four-cylinder, three-seater Stoddard Dayton sport roadster, one of the three automobiles in Oak Park. One day he took Mamah (pronounced "May-nah") Borthwick Cheney, the wife of a Chicago businessman, out riding in it and never came back. Frank and Mamah took a trip to Italy and then settled near his old home in Spring Green, Wis., where he built her the first of those idyllic establishments to which he has successively given the name Taliesin. Taliesin was a famous Welsh poet. The name means "shining brow," and it presumably suggested itself to Wright because the building site was on the brow of a beautiful oak-studded hill. Twenty years later in his *Autobiography*, Wright described his love affair with Mamah in terms that were still passionately eloquent. Its end came suddenly and under incredibly melodramatic circumstances. One day while Wright was away on business, a Barbados Negro servant ran amok, set fire to Taliesin and murdered Mamah Borthwick Cheney and six other people, including her two children. Neighbors, long scandalized by Wright's extramarital carryings on, nodded their heads sagely, seeing an example of divine retribution. Wright buried his mistress with his own hands and retired to Chicago. For several years it looked as though he would never build again.



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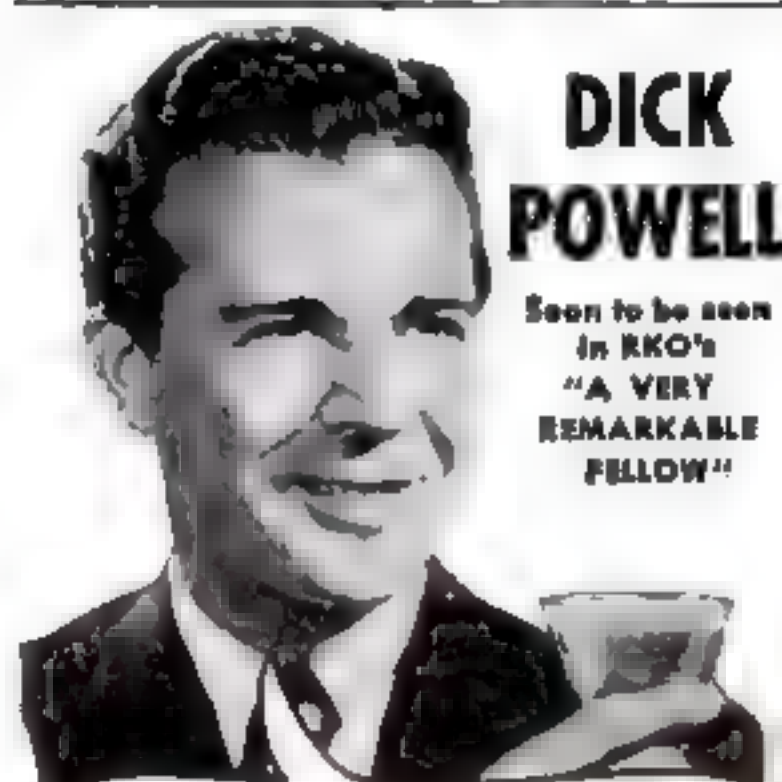
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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But Frank Lloyd Wright's fame was beginning to spread internationally. A German publishing firm had issued a book on his work. European architects were beginning to find, in the tempestuous Midwesterner, a sensational new leader whose ideas were to help create a revolution in the world's architectural style. A delegation from Japan arrived with a commission for a new hotel in Tokyo. Among other pilgrims, a woman arrived. Her name was Miriam Noel, and she had lived for many years in Paris. She was a sculptress. She wore a monocle and pronounced his name "Frahnk." She, like him, had survived a tragic love affair. Wright accepted the commission for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and took Miriam Noel with him to Japan.

About Frank Lloyd Wright's numerous dealings with women there hangs the distinct aura of a period—the period of Isadora Duncan, Havelock Ellis and Bertrand Russell, when conventional people discussed "free love" in coarse whispers and unconventional ones regarded infidelity and illegitimate children almost in the light of a sociological crusade. Wright eventually married Miriam Noel, monocle and all. But scarcely had he finished the Imperial Hotel when his life became a cyclone of domestic fury. Miriam Noel complained that Wright starved her and reduced her to wearing nothing but beautiful antique velvets and brocades which he collected. She took a six months' "vacation" in Mexico City and returned to find that he had installed what the newspapers described as a "Montenegrin dancer" in his place. She sued for divorce, and financial strain forced Wright into insolvency. She found that the "Montenegrin dancer" had an ex-husband and child and connived to prosecute Wright on kidnaping and Mann Act charges. She pursued Wright and his new mistress (by whom he now had a child) to California, where she invaded his home in his absence, tearing pictures off the walls and destroying priceless hangings and embroideries with scissors. Miriam, Frank and the "Montenegrin dancer" spent various nights and days in jail. Headlines from coast to coast screamed about Wright's "love hegira," described the now rebuilt Taliesin as a "love nest."

The "dancer," whom Wright married as soon as he could get free of the law, was actually an extremely intelligent, patrician Montenegrin named Olgivanna Lazovich, whose tact and devotion have since held Frank Lloyd Wright in a state of reasonably quiet domestic happiness. A handsome, slim, dark-eyed woman with lightly graying hair and a pronounced accent, Olgivanna Wright manages her impetuous husband with delicate but firm diplomacy. Their immediate family circle includes her dark, Slavic-looking daughter (by her former husband) Svetlana; Svetlana's husband, "Wes" Peters, and Wright's and Olgivanna's own curly-haired, 8-year-old daughter, who looks quietly decorative and plays the harp.

After the completion of the Imperial Hotel, Wright did a great deal of building in the Southwest, developing the "unit block" system of construction, a method by which walls, floors and ceilings are built as hollow concrete shells inlaid with steel. Later, after working on an elaborate plan for a millionaire's hotel (never completed) near Phoenix, Ariz., Wright bought himself a strip of desert and constructed the curiously charming, shiplike winter home he calls Taliesin West and lives in five months of the year. Most famous of the buildings he subsequently designed are probably the Johnson Wax Company's administration building in Racine, the Edgar J. Kaufmann house which seems on the point of spreading its wings and taking off over a waterfall near Bear Run, Pa., and the elaborate, swastika-shaped home he built for Herbert Johnson north of Racine—a home with ingeniously planned wings separating children's, servants', and guests' quarters from those of the owner. But during the early 1930s Wright became increasingly obsessed with a new idea, that of designing not only people's houses but their neighborhoods, their cities and farms and even their political and economic lives. Always a hater of modern cities, he began to make a point of insulting U.S. civic pride wherever he went. His opinions were lofty and definite. On the reconstructed colonial shrine at Williamsburg, Va.: "It all shows how little we need this type of architecture now"; on Los Angeles: "The great American commonplace. It is as if you tipped



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WRIGHT CONTINUED

the U.S. up so that all the commonplace people slid down here into Southern California"; on New York: "The most provincial of all provinces"; on Pittsburgh: "It would be cheaper to abandon it."

In 1935 Wright presented his answer to what he thought ailed the U.S. He called it "Broadacres." Physically it consisted of a large relief map on which models of farms, factories and railroads sprawled in a rather attractive mixture of urban and rural scenery. But this intricate model was only a jumping-off place for an elaborate structure of social, economic and moral ideas that has kept Wright smoldering like an Old Testament prophet ever since. Broadacres was the ideal decentralized community. Its inhabitants, living in Wright-designed homes on neatly scattered plots in a park-like landscape, knew neither congestion nor the smoke and dirt of present-day industrial cities. They had every convenience of the machine age and some additional ones invented by Wright himself. Their factories were provided with power from coal burned at far away mines. Their land was distributed according to the size of their families. Their political system was reduced to "one minor government to each county." "To build Broadacres as conceived," believed Wright, "would automatically end unemployment and all its evils forever." When the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, Wright gleefully accepted it as the final clinching boost for Broadacres. Its decentralized life offered one of the worst atomic-bombing targets anybody had yet conceived.

Frank Lloyd Wright lives today surrounded by a group of starry-eyed disciples which he calls the Taliesin Fellowship. There are 55 of them. They include architects, engineers and architectural students. Most of them are in their 20s. ("I am fond of the flattery of young people," Wright cheerily admits.) They do their own communal cooking, wash and iron their own clothes, sleep in simple, cell-like quarters. They eat simple food and strictly observe a prohibition against pepper which is one of Wright's most cherished dietary rules. They pursue architecture like a religion, continuously building and repairing the homes they and Wright live in. They do virtually all of Wright's architectural drafting for him, working hours every day over plans and designs for his current building projects. For the privilege of membership in the fellowship they pay \$1,100 annually and consider that privilege one of the greatest honors in the architectural world. The Taliesin Fellowship has a long waiting list of would-be disciples. Not all are chosen. A few have left it to become architects of note.

Wright and his family and following spend their summers in Taliesin, near Spring Green, Wis. Their surroundings, though somewhat elementary from the point of view of physical comfort, are like a charming stage set full of Wright's architectural poetry. Outside its garage lie the discarded hulks of several elegant, expensive cars that Wright has bought, exuberantly driven to death and then thrown away because of annoying minor mechanical disorders. But Taliesin contains six grand pianos, a magnificent collection of Japanese prints and priceless examples of ancient oriental pottery. It has a movie theater arranged with tables where the latest films may be seen over a comfortable supper. Its spacious, low-ceilinged, luminously lit rooms are masterpieces of subdued architectural drama.

In December the whole Taliesin Fellowship piles itself into cars and makes its way to Taliesin West, near Phoenix, Ariz., where it sets up its winter quarters. Taliesin West is as beautifully wedded to the southwestern desert as Taliesin is to the rolling Wisconsin countryside. From the outside, it is a queer, rambling structure of stone walls and angular, jutting beams, suggesting to unsympathetic neighbors a catastrophe in a lumberyard. On the inside, however, its ingenious arrangement of decks and canvas ceilings suggests a luxurious ship under full sail, scudding across the peculiar sealike desert scenery. Taliesin West, provided with shady walks, gardens and a clear, triangular pool, is an amazingly comfortable place on sunny Arizona days. It has no telephone and very poor mail service. But Wright's clients think nothing of hitchhiking the 20 miles of stony desert from Phoenix, to beg him for designs for everything from homes to factories.

In return for their work Wright's disciples get a certain amount of architectural experience plus the honor of basking in the per-



FALLINGWATER, wealthy Edgar Kaufmann's home, juts over brook.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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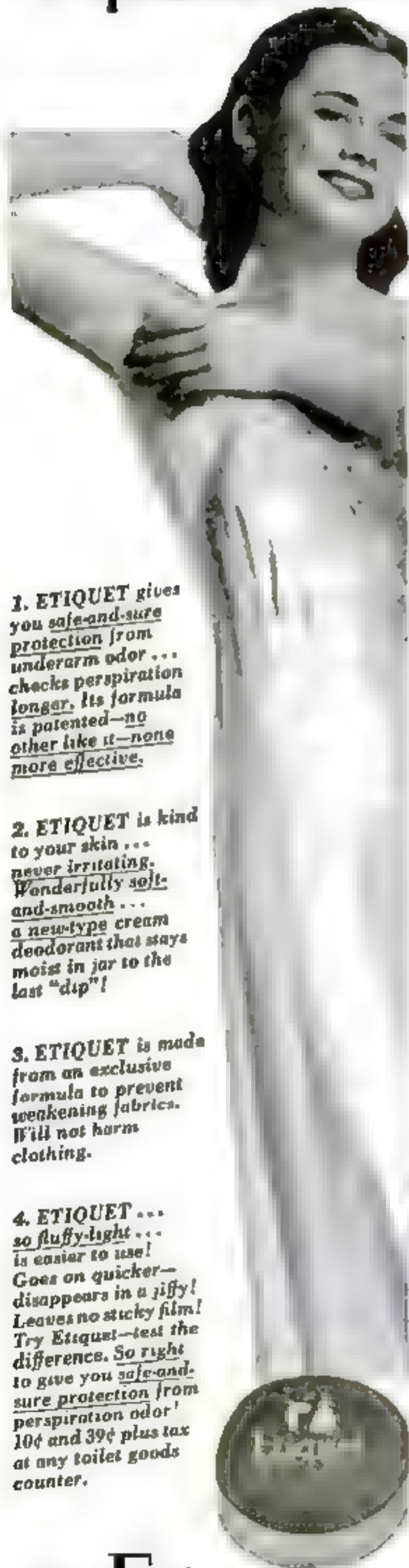
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WRIGHT CONTINUED

sonality of the great man himself. Gala evenings at Taliesin (which usually take place on Sunday night) are affairs of somewhat overpowering state. Distinguished visitors are entertained with music and lofty conversation while the fellowship, dressed in its best bibs and tuckers, sings Palestrina or sits admiringly in the shadows around the big, lavishly carpeted living room. As each musical number concludes, a hushed silence is broken by Wright himself, who sits regally, flanked by his attentive wife and family, amid a luxurious clutter of fur rugs, cushions and wicker furniture. His pronouncements, delivered in quiet, thoughtful accents, begin with approving comments on the music and then branch out into his favorite ideas on philosophy, religion, economics and building. He talks with inexhaustible eloquence and nearly always with humor. His monologues are apt to revolve around certain basic concepts: the evils of capitalism and the profit motive; the villainy of bankers (whom he calls "moneyana men" because of their interest in credit to be paid up tomorrow); "Usonia," his favorite name (borrowed from the English writer Samuel Butler) for a future utopian America; "organicness" (a term he applies to architecture or to human institutions that perfectly serve the purpose for which they are conceived); "the cultural lag" (the great distance at which a poky civilization persists in dragging behind the enlightened ideas of Frank Lloyd Wright). He will pontificate broadly on the greatness of Japanese art and German philosophy and music (which he admires tremendously), on what he considers the incredible folly of World War II, on the boxy, clinical ideas of other modern architects, on Michelangelo, "merely a sculptor," "a man who hurled the Pantheon on top of the Parthenon."

Not long ago Wright was waiting in a railroad-station restaurant when Eliel Saarinen, one of the few other architects whose existence he recognizes, walked in and sat down at an adjoining table. Soon Saarinen noticed Wright and courteously bowed. With a princely show of cordiality, Wright said he had recently seen Saarinen's design of a new church. Saarinen grunted appreciatively. "Well, Eliel, when I saw it, I thought what a great architect—I am."

Modern architects, stinging under Wright's imperious pose of the *grand seigneur*, have often hotly pointed out that he has ignored the work of his important contemporaries, that modern architecture would probably have come into existence even without his lordly help. Others have attacked his grandiose utopian conceptions as facile and half-baked. There is a strain of romantic philosophy in Wright's nature; he lacks the practical pessimism of a great political thinker. To him, the essential goodness of man awaits only the destruction of villainous politicians and corrupt institutions, to flower ever after in a perfectly designed usonia. Frank Lloyd Wright is a reformer rather than a sage.

But, at 77, his enormous creative power and restless architectural imagination shows no signs of a letdown. His astonishing, spiral Guggenheim Art Museum is about to go up on New York's Fifth Avenue. He has just designed a new Unitarian church for Madison, Wis., that has the airy grace of a country club. He is also working on a revolutionary laundry plant to be built in Milwaukee and a magnificent funeral parlor for a forward-looking San Francisco mortician named Nicholas Daphne. Conservatives may scoff as they have scoffed for a generation. Wright approaches each of these jobs with the patriarchal assurance of a Noah building a new ark. So far, his arks have proved remarkably seaworthy.



AT TALIESIN, devoted disciples work long hours executing Wright creations in order to study with the master. They get no salary, pay \$1,100 tuition.

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New Coach for CINDERELLA!

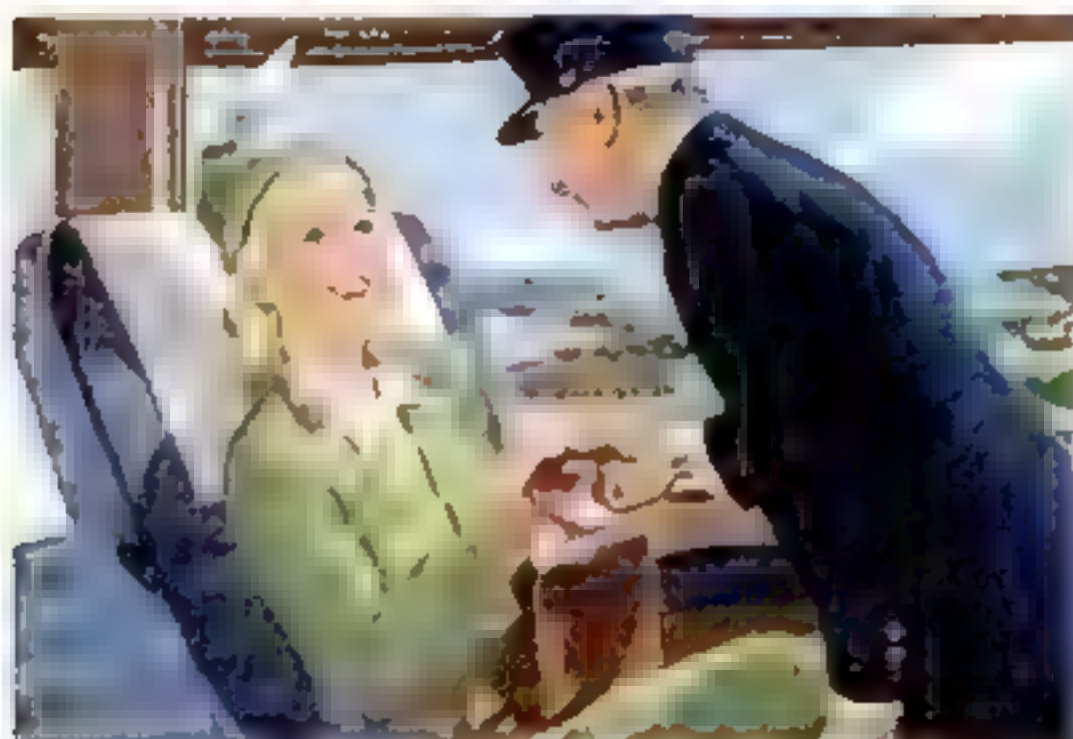
**New York Central's New Cars
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To Travel Budgets**



I felt like Cinderella when I found I'd have to plan my holiday trip on a shoestring!



But I felt like a Princess when I saw my upcoming new air-conditioned coach, with its huge windows and smart interior done by a famous designer.



Reserved for her Highness is the way I felt about the wonderful, soft reclining seat reserved for me at no extra charge on this luxurious New York Central coach streamliner.



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*Your popularity will soar
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Pour over a glassful of fine ice 1 jigger
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*Guests go wild
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Pour DuBouchett Creme de Cacao over vanilla
ice cream. Top with whipped cream and a
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St. Louis Debs

"Little Season" is full of teas dances & stags

Each year some 2,000 U. S. girls experience an ecstatic six months during which they are known as debutantes. For half a year they are the reigning queens of their cities—sought after, interviewed, photographed, reported upon, partied. They become almost the sole objects upon which their families' adulations—and budgets—are heaped. Climaxing the whirl for each deb is her debut, a party at which she officially "comes out" and is presented to society, after which she settles back and waits to be married.

This year St. Louis is following the example of London and Long Island in having its deb season in summer. Actually St. Louis will have two seasons, the "Little Season" this summer, followed by another at Christmas. On this and the following pages LIFE examines the blithe activities of Little Season debs, particularly those of Mary and Deborah Love, two sisters who came out together at a lawn party at their home, Whitestone, on the afternoon of July 4.

In the weeks before their party the lives of Mary and "Debbie" were filled with excited phone calls, shopping tours, the addressing of invitations and the ceaseless annotation of long, typewritten lists of eligible stags. Never getting up before 11, they averaged three parties every 24 hours. Finally on the big day itself the weather was bountifully clear and 500 members of St. Louis society came to dabble in the swimming pool, dance on a platform on the lawn, eat and be merry in a miniature beer garden and pronounce the two girls wonderfully pretty and popular.

On the morning of her debut Deborah Love, who is 19, feigns nonchalance in a pair of shorts, an old shirt and yachting cap given her by a friend.





Jane Lammert made debut 10 days before Mary and Debbie. Girls think Little Season is wonderful idea because more boys are home during summer.



Harriet Peters came out at lively Bellerive Country Club. Hawaiian leis were tossed to debs from a boat in swimming pool. Party lasted all night.





Mary Prince Goodbar made debut at party at the home of her grandmother. St. Louis has had no debuts for five years, expects about 100 this year.



Betty Scudder designed own debut dress. It follows traditional off-the-shoulder style and is all white. Almost all debs had made-to-order dresses.

← Mary and Debbie Love in identical debut gowns pose under portrait of themselves when they were 3 and 2. Mary is now 20. Picture was taken just before party.



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St. Louis Debs CONTINUED



August A. Busch Jr., heir to part of Anheuser-Busch brewery fortune, heads receiving line at incidental party given by him and his daughter Carlotta (in dark dress) for three other debs.



Breakfast lawn party served as debut for Sally Wyman. This was the morning after Busch party (above). That afternoon everyone went to lawn-party debut of Mary and Debbie Love.



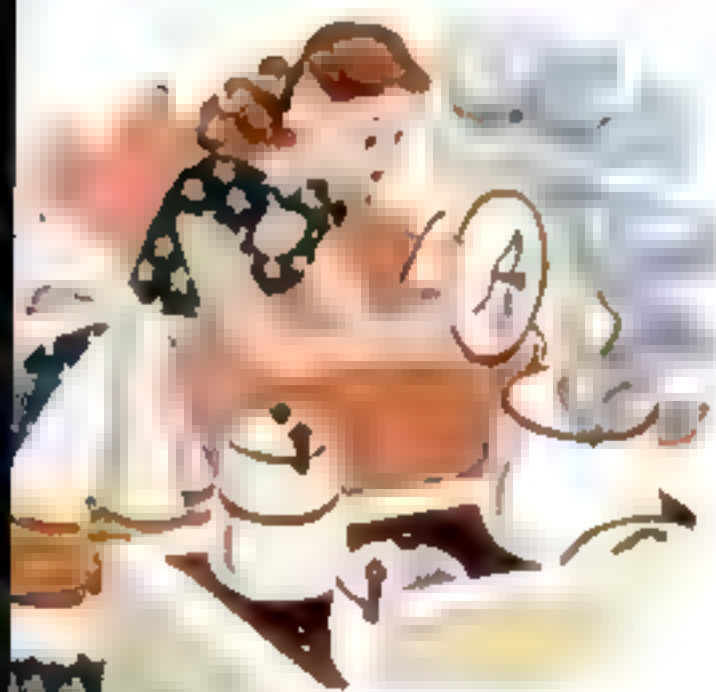
Debs' parents usually sit out more active phases of debuts, but enjoy the parties every bit as much as their daughters. At right is Marion L. J. Lambert, grandson of the Listerine king.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Good-Looking • Good-Tasting • *Good Eating!*



Here's hearty eating . . . black bean soup, sauerkraut, frankfurters, brown bread, mixed pickles, salted nuts, sliced pineapple, cookies, coffee . . . and they all come to you in cans!



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Sniff of her debut nosegay is granted Shepard Bryan by Betty Scudder. Most parties were able to maintain prewar ratio of two boys to every girl. At garden affairs only debs are formal.



After debut Debbie and Mary dangle their feet from the diving board of their pool. Mary just graduated from Vassar, is now delegate to International Conference of Christians and Jews.



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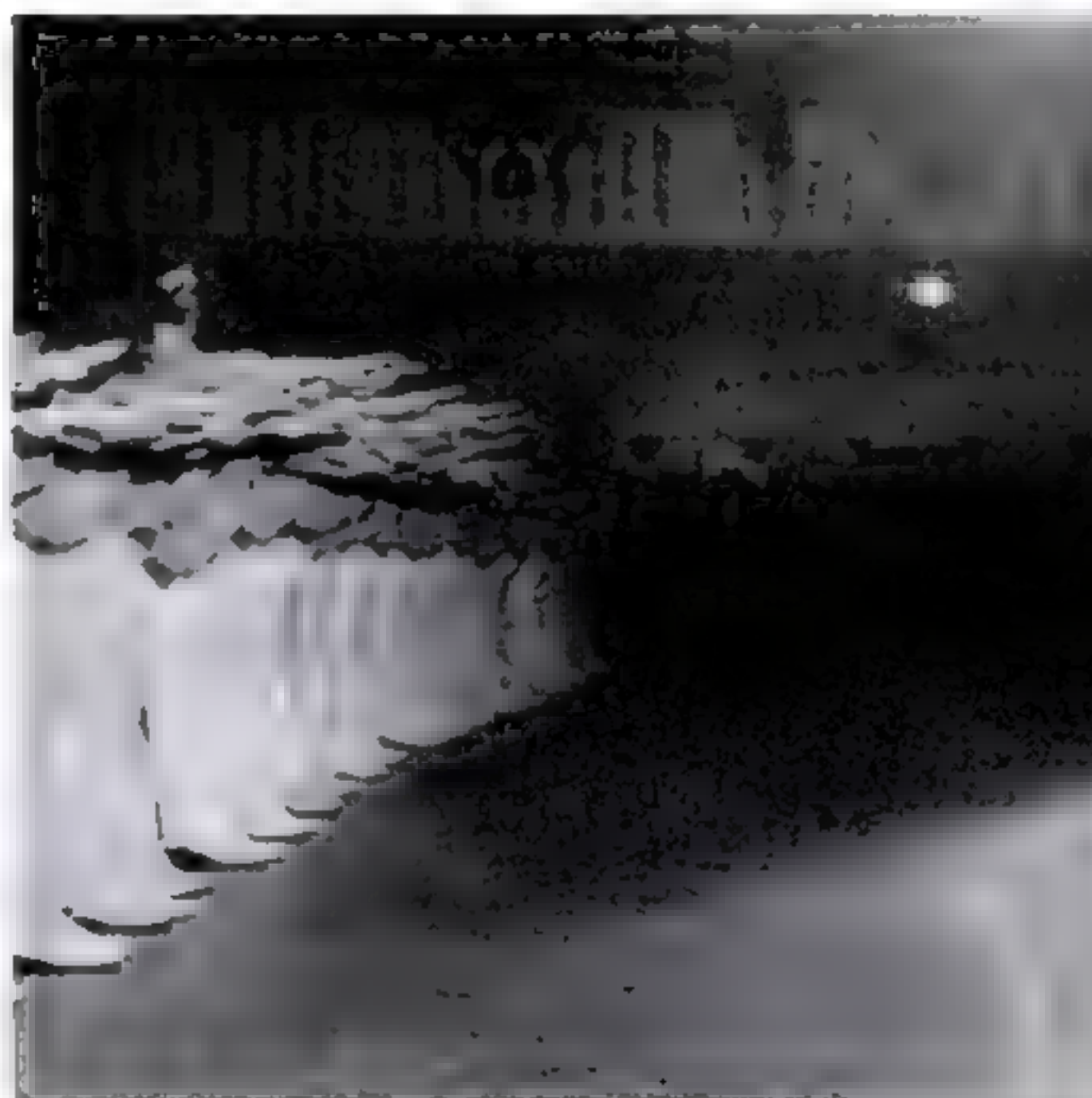
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THE SHRINE PARADE featured occasional rest periods (above), but in the opinion of a cop 12 years on the force it was "the best parade I've seen in years."



NEW IMPERIAL POTENTATE George H. Rowe, of Buffalo, N.Y., is acclaimed after election to replace Potentate William H. Woodfield Jr., of San Fran-



BIGGEST SHRINER was Al Opperman of Tacoma's Affi Temple, who rode in parade in a special warehouse loading machine, escorted by a midget Shrinker.

SHRINERS' CONVENTION

Postwar meeting runs riot through San Francisco

The Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine had not had a real smash-bang whoop-te-do since they were almost rained out in Indianapolis in 1941. This time 25,000 of them, loaded with firecrackers, buzzers, ticklers, baby alligators, descended on San Francisco, breakfasted on trolley-car tracks, hung panties from hotel windows, rode horses into bars and made things look like the old times again. Amid such nonsense they found time to carry on the business of the Shrine, a select Masonic inner circle made up of 32nd Degree Masons. In 1941 Shriner Frank Land (see next page), backed by Senator Harry Truman, lost a bid for a position on the Imperial Divan. This time, backed by the nation's first Shriner again, Land won. His job: Imperial Captain of the Guard.



cisco. Rowe said he would ask for a leave of absence from his duties as a judge of the New York Supreme Court so he could visit every temple in America.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

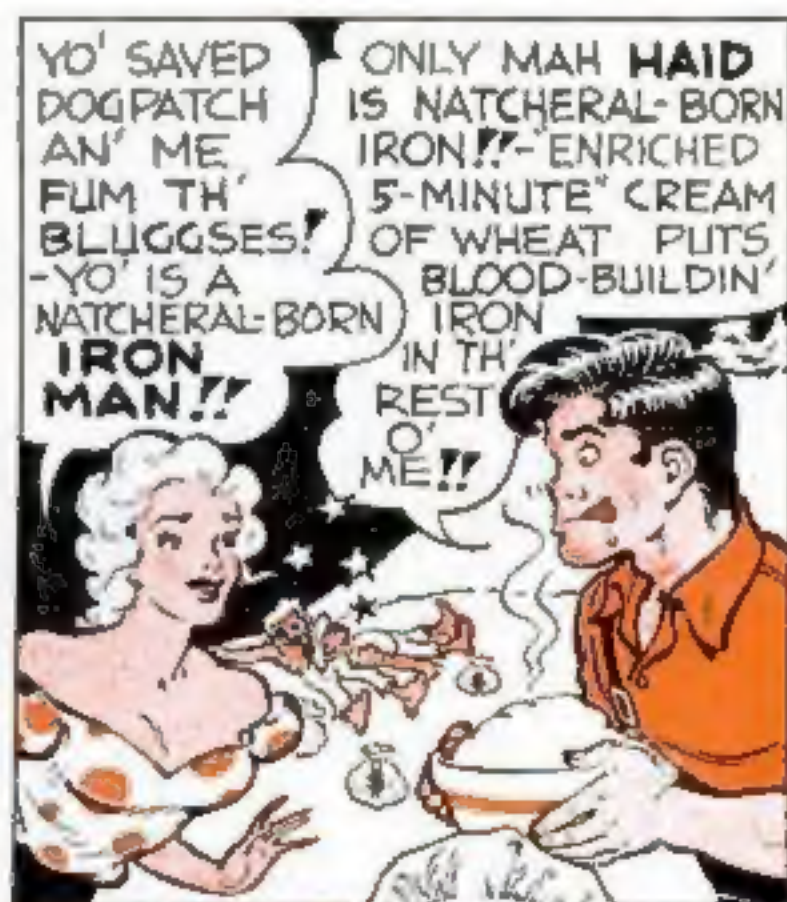
LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

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HALP! ROBBERS!!!



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Shriners' Convention CONTINUED



INDIANAPOLIS SHRINER, with robes and aviator's sunglasses, represented his city's Murat Temple. False beards kept blowing in Shriners' noses.



TRUMAN'S MAN, Frank S. Land (right), easily won second-from-bottom rung in Shrine hierarchy even though his backer did not attend convention.



SHRINER HAROLD LLOYD holds Canadian flag while Canada is extolled in opening session. Shrine has 159 temples in Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, U.S.

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peers for
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Means Fine Tobacco

**... and in a Cigarette
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